

THE



HOPKINSIAN.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIV.

R. T. ABERCROMBIE

.....

The Hopkinsian

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THE HOPKINSIAN

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLASS OF

"91"

W. C. RICHMAN

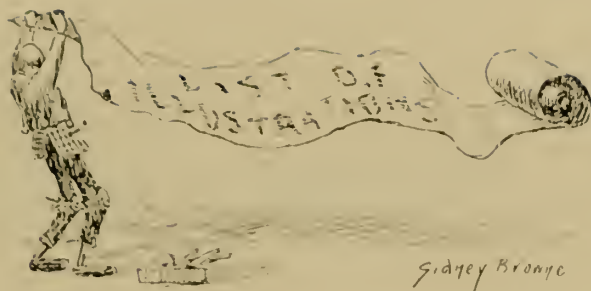


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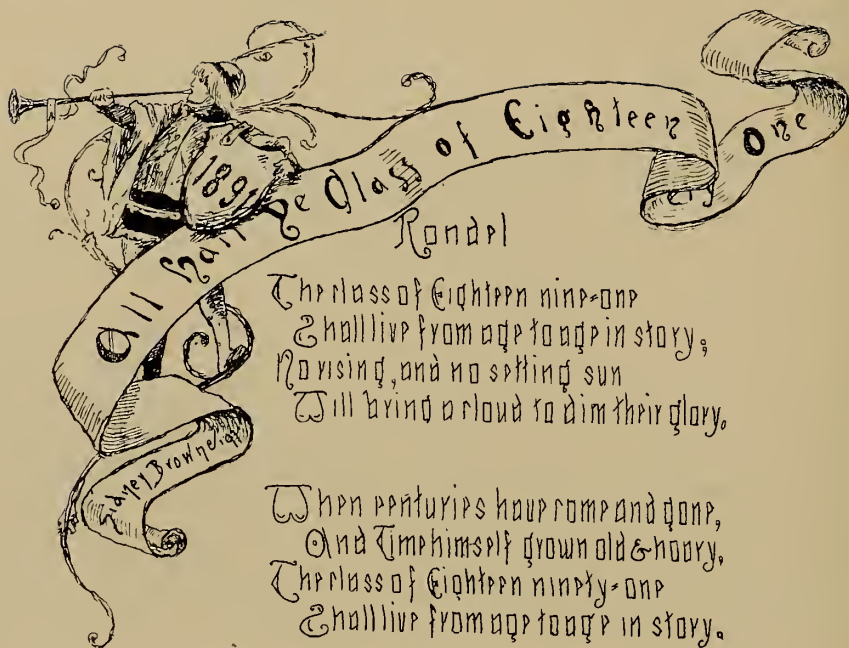
BUSINESS MANAGERS:

T. MORRIS BROWN,

WALTER C. BRIGHAM,

THOMAS S. BAKER.

This little work is not "launched upon the sea of adverse criticism at the urgent request of friends," nor will the editors feel entirely satisfied if it gives the reader "but one-half the pleasure they have taken in its compilation." If, however, it aids in fostering a healthy college spirit ; if it serves as a convenient and amusing reference book for fun and facts connected with the undergraduate life of the past academic year ; then, indeed, will they have the pleasant consciousness of work well done.

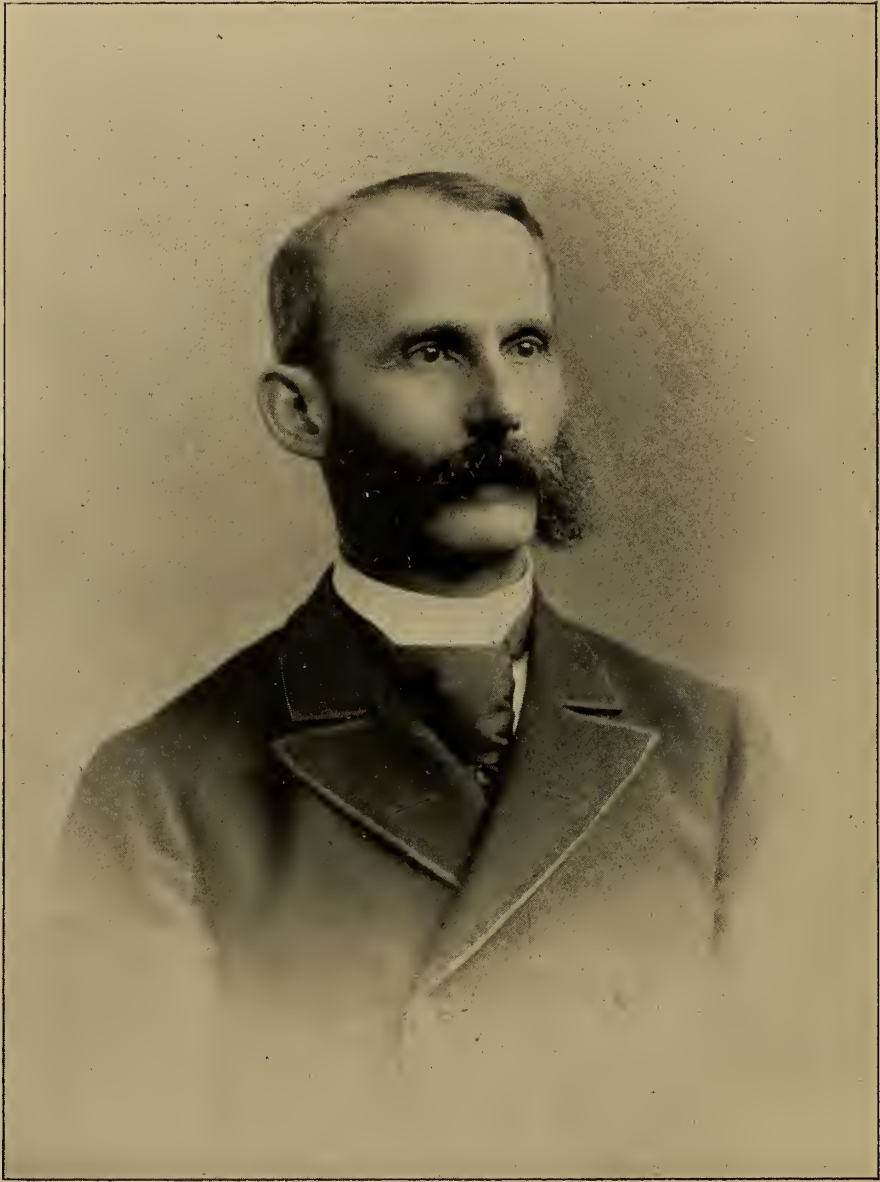


Rondel

The class of Eighteen nine-one
 Shall live from age to age in story;
 No rising, and no setting sun
 Will bring a cloud to dim their glory.

When centuries have come and gone,
 And Time himself grown old & hoary,
 The class of Eighteen ninety-one
 Shall live from age to age in story.

At everything, both work and fun,
 They went in earnest, "on amore";
 Over all antagonists they won
 What Chaucer calls "an heigh victorie".
 The class of Eighteen ninety-one
 Shall live from age to age in story.



Yours very truly,

Edward H. Griffin

THE CLASS SYSTEM AT JOHNS HOPKINS.

A FRESHMAN in one of our colleges is said to have paid his first, and only, visit to the library of the institution, for the purpose of finding out what a certain famous author had written "about our class." To him, '93 had but one meaning, nor could he doubt that the class would furnish a theme well worthy the genius of Victor Hugo.

We may pardon our young friend's innocence of literary history, in consideration of the generosity of his feelings, and the incident, however apocryphal, does not exaggerate the place which class associations and interests hold in many a collegian's mind. The history of our colleges shows how strong the sentiment of class loyalty has always been among students; the characteristic features of college life, both good and evil, have been intimately connected with it. This feeling is carried by most persons into subsequent years, and the fact that a person has been one's classmate gives him a claim, which few will disown, to recognition and sympathy. Whether this sentiment will be as potent a factor in the academic life of the future, as in that of the past, may be doubted; the introduction of fraternities, the increased size of classes in the larger colleges and their consequent division into sections, the multiplication of elective studies—changes such as these, within recent years, have undoubtedly tended to modify it.

One disadvantage of the class organization, which it is difficult to overcome, is, that it prescribes a uniform length of residence for all, irrespective of differences in acquirement, capacity, and industry. This uniformity is, at most colleges, rarely disregarded, except by occasional

individuals, whose zeal for athletic sports leads them to reappear, more or less to the dismay of their instructors, in successive classes. But why should not a student, for whom a longer period of study is, for any reason, advisable, be enabled to take it, without fear of discredit? Why should not an earnest and able man get the advantage of these qualities, in being permitted to reduce the time of his attendance? It is one of the excellent features of collegiate instruction at the Johns Hopkins University that there is no rigid prescription in respect to time, that a student is at liberty to take his degree as soon as he can profitably do so, and that one who chooses to prolong his residence beyond the ordinary period incurs no risk of unfavorable comment. It is important that the class idea be developed among us in harmony with this liberal and admirable feature of our system, so that we may get the advantage of the class organization without its drawbacks.

These brief sentences have been written in response to the courteous invitation of the Editors, and they may serve to express the cordial good will of the authorities of the University toward those who are so soon to be graduated from it. Most of the older colleges have certain classes enrolled upon their catalogues in which they feel an especial pride,—such, for example, as the class of 1825 at Bowdoin, which numbered Hawthorne and Longfellow among its members, and the class of 1837 at Yale. Who can say what class will win like pre-eminence in the annals of Johns Hopkins? But whatever one it may be, it is safe to anticipate for the class of '91 a generous measure of honor and usefulness.

EDWARD H. GRIFFIN.



CLASS OF '91.

COLORS

SCARLET AND BLACK.

CLASS YELL:

HOO-RAH HOPKINS! HOO-RAH HAH!

NINETY-ONE! NINETY-ONE. RAH! RAH! RAH!

OFFICERS OF '91.

<i>President,</i>	.	.	.	CHARLES FAIRBANK PAINTER.
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Shellman Baer Brown, A. Δ. Φ.	VII	"

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Sidney Hand Browne, Δ. Φ.	IV	"
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Abraham Cohen,	II	"
Harry Webster Cooke,	VI	"
Arthur Aaron Dembitz,	I	Kentucky.
Augustus Kountze Detwiler,	I	Nebraska.
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William Francis Gallaway,	I	"
Stephen Claud Harry,	III	Pennsylvania.
Jacob H. Hollander,	VI	Maryland.
Charles McHenry Howard, Δ. Φ.	II	"
Reid Hunt,	III	Ohio.
Charles William Johnson, Α. Δ. Φ.	I	Maryland.
Henry Webster Keating, Α. Δ. Φ.	I	"
William Knower,	VI	"
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Charles James Search,	III	"
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William Stuart Symington, Jr., Δ. Φ.	VII	"
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Charles Joseph West, A. Δ. Φ.	VII	Georgia.
Charles Francis Woods, Jr., B. Θ. II.	VII	Maryland.

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Walter Cole Brigham, B. Θ. II.	IV	"
James Wesley Harvey,	I	"
Henry George Heitmuller,	III	District of Columbia.
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Charles Whitney Mixter,	VI	Massachusetts.
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THE CLASS HISTORY.

CLASS-MATES, in a few months the life which we have spent together for the past three years, and which has been so pleasant and profitable to all of us, will end, and we shall be scattered and separated, perhaps never to meet again. During these years, although our aims and studies at the University may have been widely diverse and distinct, we have always felt that we were united by that mysterious bond, so difficult to describe but of which each one of us has been sensible. In short, that we were all members of the Class of Ninety-one, and to this fact, that we have acted together and stood by one another, we owe in great measure our success in the undergraduate life at the University, and our influence in college affairs.

Will it not be delightful at some future day to recall the good times which we have had together and to look back on these happy college years?

Probably many of you have seen Denman Thompson's simple rural drama, "The Old Homestead," which had such a successful run some years ago. Do you remember one charming scene in that play, where the old farmer and the city millionaire, forgetful of all the changes of time, and the difference in their conditions and stations in life, sit down to talk of old times when they were barefoot boys together? And how they begin to clap each other on the back and to nudge each other in the side, and laugh and laugh? It is one of the most moving scenes in the play.

And so I cannot help thinking what great pleasure it will be to us in future years, when one of us will meet another, to sit down together and begin :

“Do you remember that day we put Cotton on the roof?”

“Ha! Ha! Yes. And that time in Logic class when Dr. Emmott ——”

“And the day we beat Ninety-two!”

“And our banquet!”

And so forth and so on.

Therefore, my aim in this brief sketch will be, not so much to write a history of our class, as to recall a few vivid incidents in our college career:—“the revivifying of a few drastic salient points,” as Dr. Bright would say in his Early English voice, or, as our gentle Dean would put it, “To present several presentative-representive presentations.”

II.

We had a great deal to learn during our first year at the University besides our regular course of study. For instance, it was some time before we learnt how to excuse our unavoidable absences from class in the most plausible manner: when it was best to say “dentist,” when “out of town,” and when “important engagement.” We also found that it was quite difficult to acquire the art of opening another fellow’s tightly-fastened locker, neatly and in a modest and inoffensive way. Then we had to become acquainted with our professors, and learn to approach and converse even with Mr. Ball, without an inward quaking, and a feeling that he was thinking to himself, “This fellow got a three on his last History Examination.” We also had to get on good terms with the various janitors and sub-officials of the University, from Mr.

Green, the genial and conversant postmaster, to the smiling and rosy-cheeked Christian youth of Levering Hall. We soon became friendly towards "Jim" and Billy Stewart, but the haughty Scott Gosnell was colder and more reserved. He fills me with awe to this very day. We had no trouble in learning to know each other, and our class meetings were models of parliamentary form and well-regulated councils. That is, they seem so now. Possibly our recollection of them is softened by a kindly historical perspective.

Alfred Randolph was our first President; J. F. Mitchell, Geo. Carey and Sam Smith our Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer respectively. Their administration was brilliant and successful, in that Randolph rapped with a small piece of broken furniture on a desk exceedingly gracefully, Mitchell sat still and looked pretty, Carey wrote some minutes of great moment for a few minutes, or rather moments, in a blank book and then lost the book, while Smith, as far as we know, did not embezzle any public funds. (N. B.—There were no funds to embezzle.)

That fall, our foot-ball team began that series of splendid victories which has made Ninety-one for three years the Champions of the University. We can proudly boast that we have never lost a game in three years. The class of "*Ninety*" challenged our team of "*Eleven*," and yet we beat them! Do you remember how Mat Brown made that touchdown, and how Eighty-nine wouldn't play us after this game?

We took part with great pride in the procession on the twenty-second of February, and waved our scarlet and black ribbons and shouted ourselves hoarse.

Soon, alas too soon, came the awful ordeal of the Final Exams. after which we separated for the summer vacation.

Thus our Freshman year passed quickly and pleasantly by.

When we gathered together again in the fall of 1889, we realized our great importance as Juniors much more strongly. Don't you recall how patronizing and superior you felt when some green and timid Ninety-two man came up and said to you: "Will you please, sir, show me the way to the Historical Library?" or "Please, sir, can you tell me where room nine is?" Our officers for this year were: Randolph, again President; C. F. Painter, Vice-President; George Carey, re-elected Secretary, and W. S. Symington, Jr., Treasurer. We adopted a scarlet and black class cap, and the fellows wore them for quite a while, but lately they have rather fallen into disuse.

Again this fall we played Ninety at foot-ball. The result was what might have been expected. Score 16-0. Oh, boys, do you remember Jo-Jo's expression when he made his mighty tackle, and how Slick trotted coyly off to make his onliest phantom touchdown. That was a great game and no mistake! Soon after this, that poor, pathetic, helpless Athletic Association became so sorely in need of funds that it was evident that something must be done. So some enterprising members of our class put their heads together and originated the idea of those Minstrels, which were such a dazzling success last year. The notion sprang from the class of Ninety-one, members of that class did most of the work, and to Ninety-one may be fairly said to belong the credit of the very successful performance. Weren't four out of the six end men, Ninety-one men? Weren't all the directors Ninety-one men? And wasn't "Cotton," with his chicken-pie and his Kangaroo Dance, the star of the Troupe? We also took our full part in the dances at the Gymnasium, on the various teams and nines, on the Glee and Banjo Clubs, and in this way we studied, played, laughed, quarreled, worked and lived our Junior year away.

IV.

On our return last September, still higher and more haughtily did we hold our heads. Were we not Seniors? Were we not going to study Logic? Yes, we were, but we'll never do it again. Were we not all going to do our drawing this year, which we had left undone in the two previous years? Yes, and we're going to do it yet. This year we elected C. F. Painter, President, H. A. Bumstead, Vice-President; W. F. Gallaway, Secretary, and W. Knower, Treasurer. We set to work on our class-book, appointed the editors and managers, and the result shows how well they have done their work.

V.

Soon after this we decided to have a Banquet. It was held at the Altamont Hotel on December 23d, 1890, and we never had had such a good time together before. I am sure we will often think of it in the future. The prettily decorated table with its flowers and ribbons, the huge glacé foot-ball in the centre, Ninety-two and Ninety-three in the soup, the flash-light photographs, the songs, the toasts, Dembitz's speech, Rittler's remarks, Mitchell's interrupted toast, Hollander's poem; all these and many other fragmentary recollections will linger long in our memory.

VI.

Who was it that proposed that we have a class photograph taken? It was a divine inspiration. The picture hangs before me as I write, and whenever I raise my eyes I see all the boys smiling down upon me. I love to look at each fellow in turn. There on the extreme left is a "portrait en pied" of Morris Brown, reclining on a stone pillar. He has a most solemn expression on his genial face, such as we seldom see in real life, except when we steal his lunch at the Dairy. On his left is

Gran'ther Smith, sometimes playfully called "Young-man-afraid-of-his-horses," the author of the celebrated historical-tonsorial work, entitled, "The Rise and Fall of the Dutch Side-whisker." Behind Brown is Brigham, one of our artists, whose beautiful work is seen in this book. Next to him is Shriver, the talkative, and Mather, whose fresh boyish countenance will be seen among us no more. Then comes stentorian clarion-voiced Hunt, and behind him MacDougal, of foot ball fame. Mac has also more poetry in him than would appear to a casual observer. Get him started on Wordsworth and see. Then Linthicum, a recent addition to our class, and sweetly smiling Base, who, I believe, sometimes really studies the Logic lesson. Keeping on to the right we have Harvey, the bicyclist, and Bumstead, who actually seems to understand what Dr. Griffin is talking about. Then Cameron, Sr., for once separated from his younger brother, who is smiling down on him from above, and Gallaway, who doesn't say much but thinks a lot. Then Penniman, who has recently entered professional life, I hear. Johnson, fencer, editor and student, and behind him Barton, gracefully reclining on Pleasants' coat-tail and looking like Mary, Queen of Scots. Then Keating, our idealistic and serious poet, and S. B. Brown, who looks so solemn that one would never suspect that he could laugh. In front of him sits Heitmuller, a star of great magnitude, who has risen into prominence only this year. Then West, our quarter-back (who is fast becoming a perfect devil). Near them, with his own artless smile on his winsome, chubby face, is Archie, our own unique and original Archie! In front of him is Woods, looking dreamily into the past, and Baker, alias Juniata, alias Melchisidek, our Basso Profundo. Then Sidney Browne, another artist, and Careys, N. P. and G., the pseudo and the genuine gymnast. Then comes Mitchell, our "Cap," with his pipe. The philosopher Cohen and Lefevre or Phæbus, god of prophecy. Then

Knower, the Logician, and T-hen Painter, our President ; the white-headed versatile Dobbin and Agelasto, the Champion at Tennis.

Down in front we have Hiss, Hollander and Briggs, who are all going to make their mark. Cooke, who is really not so melancholy as he seems, and Stewart, the mouthpiece of the class. Symington, Head Editor and Hustler, and Rittler, the centre-rush. Up behind stands the Dean, with the sheep on his right and the goats on his left. The sheep are Smiley, Stevens, and Dembitz, all future theological students ; the solemn Magruder, the raven-haired Detwiler, Search, the learned, and Baldwin, of the '91 foot-ball team. The goats are the retiring and modest men, Howard and Pleasants, who would have gotten behind the bashful and shy fellows, Vea and Bissing, had not the latter succeeded in getting behind them first ; and lastly, Randolph, who makes our dances such great successes. There we all are. Shake hands all round before we part.

VII.

And now my work is done. I like to fancy at some time in future years one of us coming across this class-book, lying half forgotten on some dusty book-shelf, and turning over its pages with newly awakened memories. If, at such a time these hasty sketches of our life together, should catch his eye and cause him to pause and think of the jolly times we have had, I should feel that my task, unworthily as I have done it, had not been in vain.



Charlie Wood's success, although not exactly in the same line, has been none the less brilliant. His two large works on "Retrospection" have been translated into German, French, Italian and Japanese. But his *chef-d'œuvre*, the crowning effort of his life, is "Looking Backward." I have just sent you a copy, so that you may judge for yourself.

And these are not all! There is Hollander, who is now Editor of the New York "Earth." You remember what interest he used to evince in foot-ball, don't you? This seems never to have left him, as is clearly shown in his recent "Treatise on Foot-ball," a book which is now the accepted authority in everything appertaining to the sport. In it I see he treats at length of the tactics invented and first practised by our famous old class team.

Tom Baker also cast his lot in Journalism, and at the breaking out of the war in Egypt was sent by the "Moon" to the scene of action as War Correspondent.

Speaking of Africa reminds me of a sad story about one of our old classmates, which reached my ears a short while ago. Poor Smiley is no longer in the land of the living. He studied for the ministry after graduating at Johns Hopkins, and later went as a missionary to the Dark Continent, where he lived in the midst of cannibals. For a long time, by his commanding presence, gentle manner and kind words he held in check the fierceness and brutality of the savages around him. But at last nothing would avail; the innate cravings of those degraded creatures could not otherwise be appeased; they fell upon Smiley secretly, and ate their leader, friend and benefactor.

While I am telling you sad news, I might as well finish it here. Nothing in human life is without its darker side, and we cannot expect the history of our class to be exempt from misfortune. There is another angel with '91 engraven on his forehead. Alfred Pleasants, very soon

after the final examinations in 1891, was fatally stricken with brain-fever, brought on, the physicians said, by excessive work and great mental strain. But enough of this—I must confine myself within the limits of our own planet.

What would you say, if I were to tell you that Bill Knower is now Professor of Logic at the Johns Hopkins? This is how it came about. He took a graduate course in Logic, and in due season received a Ph. D. I always knew he was fashioned by nature for a logician. Don't you remember how he used to interpret and unravel to the rest of us the mysteries of the occult science, which to our minds seemed nothing but a perfect haze of perplexities? As each year rolled by, the vexation and nervous strain incident to teaching the L. B. P. class gradually impaired the health of dear old Prof. Emmott, until finally he was obliged to seek rest by resigning. Such a strong friendship, however, had sprung up between the Doctor and his disciple, that upon the advice of the former Bill was elected to fill the vacant chair. He has invented several new methods of combining circles, has greatly improved "Barbara," besides discovering the clue to "Bramantip," which he has named "Hardtsoehsk."

Morris Brown is still studying at the University, but hopes to get through next year. He has been president of every class since 1891. I do not believe such a record has ever been, or ever will be paralleled in the annals of the J. H. U. The number of his honors is legion. He is the only man ever known to have held all the offices which it is possible for an undergraduate student to obtain. He has been manager of the Glee and Banjo Clubs for the past five years, and the entire responsibility rested on his shoulder during their successful trip last summer through Europe.

So thoroughly had George Carey become infatuated with Physics during his long course of studies at the University, that he decided to

devote his entire life to it, in spite of bright prospects of success in other lines. But fortune favored him, when he made this choice.

Returning from Paris, where he had spent quite a long time in physical research, he received an appointment as Professor of Physics at the University under the renowned Doctor Josephus Ames, this alliance resulting from a strong and warm friendship which had sprung up between them in former years. Few scientific men of the younger school are better known, and I dare say no one has done more for the advancement of Physics in the department of Sound, especially by his investigations of the wave-length of the musical notes of birds, than he. Perhaps his greatest achievement so far is his marriage—I wrote you about that illustrious event last winter. It's hard for a bachelor to stand aside and see all his old friends one by one desert the ranks.

I must hasten on. There is scarcely a profession which can be called foreign to Ninety-one. Name any you please, and I'll name one class-mate, if not more, who is distinguished in it.

Of lawyers we have an eminent company, to wit, Mixter, well-known for his legal success in divorce cases; McDougall, of whom the story is told that, while pleading a case, he often becomes so intensely interested and excited, as even to get *down on his knees*; Barton and Harvey, who have reached the dignity of Judges; and Malcolm Cameron, the Justice of the Peace. But these are by no means all of our famous men. Who wouldn't feel proud of our physicians, Base, Linthicum, Hunt, and Heitmuller, the discoverer of the bacteria which cause insanity?

Nor do those who have donned the cloth, redound less to the glory and praise of the class; Rev. B. Briggs, the Great Mogul of the Salvation Army, and Bishop Stevens, a tower of strength in his church. Of professional renown are Bissing, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Towson, Cohen, who fills a similar chair at Catonsville

College, and Gallaway, who is on the classical staff at the Hopkins. Vea completed his geological studies at the University, and his learned thesis "The Cobblestones of Baltimore in their Geological Significance" created such a stir in the scientific world, that he received a high position on the U. S. Geological Survey.

Magruder is president of some railroad in the West, and, if my memory is correct, has amassed quite a large fortune in the course of numerous wild adventures.

Of course you remember Dembitz—you couldn't forget him. The poor fellow has made a noble struggle in the race for existence, but I fear he will never be appreciated. At different times during his career he has taught Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Psychology and Logic, abandoning one after the other. To add to his other griefs, Dembitz fell a victim to Cupid, but alas! there was no victim for a companion. His mind now became unsettled, his body emaciated; he denied himself all pleasures and comforts, and finally sacrificed the sole joy remaining to him, his silken beard. When I last heard of him, he was in Louisville earning a meagre livelihood by giving singing lessons.

Rittler, Frank Cameron and Cooke originated a scheme, which I think is deserving of praise for its uniqueness, if for nothing else. They are respectively physician, druggist, and undertaker. Believing their professions to be peculiarly united by a common bond, they formed themselves into a coöperative company, adopted as a motto "Mutual Assistance," and set out for New Orleans, in order to make a trial of their sagaciously planned enterprise. The result exceeded their most sanguine expectations; but it is a curious coincidence that the late census reports a decrease of 10,000 in the population of New Orleans since 1890.

The name of Ninety-one is nobly borne in Art by several of her sons. On last Commemoration Day the unveiling of the portraits of the Faculty,

painted by Brigham, was the cause of a big celebration. This enormous work, so ably executed by a '91 man, now graces the walls of the new University Hall. Detwiler's fame as a sculptor was assured when he gave to the world his beautiful Apollo, an exact reproduction of himself in marble.

In Electrical Engineering our class has its quota of men ; Randolph, who conceived the plan and engineered the construction of the Air-line Electrical Road for rapid transit between Baltimore and Charlottesville ; Howard and Penniman, the joint inventors of the marvellous Polychromotelephantaphotophonograph, which has been pronounced by scientists an invention far surpassing the telephone.

Speaking of Tom Penniman reminds me of Agelasto, for you know it is a law of Association of Ideas by Contrast that the giant tends to recall the man of low stature ; and further, by the law of Resemblance I am reminded of West. Agelasto on account of his celebrated work on electricity, was given a *high chair* in the University of Athens by his grateful Fatherland, and West is now the young but distinguished president of the University of Savannah.

Ninety-one is represented in Politics by Senator Bumstead of Illinois, one of the few survivors of the defunct Republican party, but whose peer is not to be found in Congress ; by Senator Johnson of Maryland, noted for his faultless logical arguments, and also by Hon. Charles G. Baldwin, Speaker of the House. The reputation of the "Silver-tongued Orator," as Baldwin is called, stretches from Atlantic to Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf. I wish you could hear some of his remarkable speeches—such luxuriance, such richness, such a wonderful flow of language !

I suppose Sam Smith is best classified as an Arab, for a marked characteristic of each is, that he would rather part with anything, although it were his life, than his horse. From boyhood up, so intense

has been his love for this animal, that it is ever an inseparable companion. He almost idolizes the horse, and I have frequently heard him declare touchingly that "the horse is the best of friends, for he never goes back on you." He spends the greater part of his time on the backs of his favorite steeds—in other words he is "*always riding*."

Scarcely less ardent is Sidney Browne's insatiable love for tennis, to which he devotes all his energies. He has invented the most perfect form of racket in existence, improved nets, balls, etc., and has written a complete manual of the game, besides formulating an entirely new and original Code of Rules, which has been adopted by the International Tennis League.

And now the end is near, only two names remain on the roll. But following the practice of children, I have saved the prettiest for the last. The curtain must then descend on "Beautiful Stuart" and "Handsome Jim," as we used to call them at College. What rare fortune it is to be so bountifully endowed by Nature! Admired by men, adored by the girls, they are verily a brace of tin gods on wheels. Symington at first made a brave effort to work, but little peace does he receive who owns a celestial visage. He graduated in Romance Languages at the Hopkins, and at once was given a professorship in that department. For three or four years he held this position with ever increasing success, but the girls would allow him no respite. In vain head struggled with heart. In many an escapade, in many an *affaire du cœur* has he been one of the *dramatis personae*. There is now a rumor afloat that he is engaged to be married.

Jim Mitchell's career has been no less romantic. You know he studied Law at Harvard. He came back to Baltimore a fully fledged lawyer, and Slick Morrison, who only a year before had unfurled his shingle to the breeze, joyfully received him into his nest. Their sign

now reads "Morrison and Mitchell, Attorneys-at-Law," and beneath is this inscription, "Special attention given to the suits of young widows". Stuart Symington and the junior member of this firm have been running a neck-and-neck race, both often figuring in the same adventures. During the last trip through Europe we encountered in Geneva a French countess, who, so said report, had untold wealth, a villa in Switzerland, two on the Italian Lakes, and a winter home in Paris. This individual made a dead set for Jim, and the poor fellow really believed himself smitten. We led him away gently, ministering to his wounds as best we could. The embers smouldered for some time afterwards, and they might still contain a lingering spark for ought I know.

Such is the brief history of our dear old class. In it you can see glimpses of each man's life, and thereby be reminded of old friendships and of days long since passed. How often have I thought of every incident of our college life in its minutest detail, and lived over again those three happy years! What a flood of recollections bursts on me as I now write, for ten years ago this very day we were given our diplomas!

Next October, Ninety-one is to have a grand reunion, and, if possible, you must certainly come home for the event.

Write me, when time permits, concerning your University and its remarkable growth and progress. Surely Honolulu has a great future before it.

Remember me most cordially to Mrs. Painter and the dear children.

Sincerely your friend,

GEORGE LEFEVRE.

TO THE CLASS OF '91.

Coming so bravely out of the toil,
Out of the shadow, into the sun,
Victory writ on your studious brows,
Hail to you, class of '91 !
You have bravely studied and fought your way,
Inch by inch, till the field is won,
Now you are free ; your warfare is o'er,
Glad may you be that your work is done

“ Done,” did I say ? Nay, just commenced,
As into the world you bravely start ;
Friend from friend, as you separate
Into the earth's great busy mart,
Holding before you a purpose high,
Striving to reach a noble aim
How many will ever be heard of more ?
Who will achieve his fortune and fame ?

What mean your colors of black and red ?
I think the deep black is a sign
Of tedious study, and labor hard
In education's tiresome mine ;
And the deep rich red is to show the joy
That comes after honest, earnest toil ;
Like the battle flags of scarlet hue
That celebrate the victor's spoil.

And knotted together, the red and black
Will tell of a conflict that is o'er ;
And show a victory that's been won,
To be remembered forevermore,
For you have had battles to fight, we know.
And you have had troubles to endure,
But now your reward is close at hand,
Is coming unto you, swift and sure.

Coming so bravely out of the toil,
Out of the shadow into the sun,
Victory writ on your studious brows,
Hail to you, class of '91 !
All honor to you who have fought the fight
Who have won for your brows the laurel wreath ;
Yours is the glory of victory,
Joy that will stay with you until death.





CLASS OF '92.

COLORS BLUE AND WHITE.

CLASS YELL :

'RAH-'RAH BLACK,
'RAH-'RAH BLUE,
HOPKINS, HOPKINS,
NINETY TWO.

OFFICERS OF '92.

<i>President,</i>	HUGH JUDGE JEWETT, JR.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	THOMAS RICHARDSON BROWN.
<i>Secretary,</i>	THEODORE WOOLSEY JOHNSON.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	REDMOND CONYNGHAM STEWART.
<i>Historian,</i>	JAMES FLACK NORRIS.
<i>Executive Committee,</i>	{ JOHN HOLLADAY LATANÉ. RIGNAL WOODWARD BALDWIN. EARL PERKINS LOTHROP.

MEMBERS :

Abercrombie, John R.	Behrend, Edwin B.
Adler, Harry.	Bennett, L. Emory.
André, Delaware C.	Brown, George S., A. Δ. Φ.
Atkinson, Algernon D., Δ. Φ.	Brown, Thomas R.
Baker, Newton D., Jr., Φ. Γ. Δ.	Bryan, A. Cookman.
Baldwin, Rignal W., Jr.	Bullock, John S., Jr.

Bump, Charles R.
Chestnut, G. Calvin, Ψ . Γ . Δ .
Cox, George E., B. Θ . II.
Davis, J. Edwin.
Glassie, Henry H.
Greenbaum, Leon.
Greenleaf, Henry S.
Hewes, James E.
Hilliard, Foster H.
Hirsh, José L.
Jewett, Hugh J., Jr., A. Δ . Φ .
Johnson, Theodore W., A. Δ . Φ .
Jump, Henry D.
Keedy, Henry J., Jr., Δ . Φ .
Latané, John H.
L'Engle, Edward J.
Lothrop, Earl P., B. Θ . II.
McKay, C. Roy, Φ . K. Ψ .
Mixer, Charles W.

Norris, James F.
Peppler, Charles W.
Pope, David B.
†Ramsburg, Karl H., Φ . Γ . Δ .
Reese, Albert M.
Roberts, William M.
Snively, A. Barr.
Stearns, John S.
Stern, Leopold.
Stevens, Lester L., B. Θ . II.
Stewart, Gustav L., A. Δ . Φ .
Stewart, Redmont C., A. Δ . Φ .
Stewart, John, Jr., A. Δ . Φ .
Theobald, Samuel, Jr., A. Δ . Φ .
Todd, Robert I.
Turner, Arthur B.
Waidner, Charles W.
Whitehead, John B., Jr.
Williams, R. Gordon, Δ . Φ .

†Died April 12, 1891.



'92 CLASS HISTORY.

ANOTHER year has passed, and we, who not many months ago moved about the University as despised Freshmen, the butt of every joke, have become accustomed to the rôle of Juniors, and are even looking forward to the time, when, as staid and dignified Seniors, we can look upon the under-classmen with disdain.

Many are the events that have transpired in our Junior year, and despite the fact that a few disappointments have cast their shadow on our history, our past has been truly a glorious one, one that every man of '92 can be justly proud of.

But few were absent from our ranks when we returned to the University to assume the dignity of Juniors.

The first thing to be done was to have some fun with the freshmen, so we decided to rush their first class meeting. We did not intend to follow the example of '91 and let this golden opportunity pass. But, somehow or other, the "freshies" got wind of it and held their meeting in the afternoon, thus putting a rush out of question. Bright boys, indeed, to thus save your pride (and perhaps your bodies) from being wounded, but your brightness considerably outweighed your bravery.

Soon football gained the interest of all, and the Inter-class League was formed. Although '92's record in this game last year was far from enviable, yet we decided to brace up, form a team and enter the league.

In the first game of the series '92 was successful beyond all expectation. The score, 60-0 in our favor, showed us that we could do something in that line.

But the game with '91 ; we were not so sure of that. What could we do against a team which boasted five* players from the University eleven of last year?

After a hard struggle and fine playing on both sides, the game resulted in a tie. In the next game, to decide the championship, '91 was victorious. Had not one of our half-backs been compelled to be absent from the game, and the team, therefore, confused by the change in positions, the result might have been different, but '91 did not take this into account in the orgies that followed the game.

There is no need of a full account of the game here, for it is safe to say that about twenty pages of the class book will be devoted to it, and, no doubt, special cuts will be prepared to picture the discomfiture of '92 and poems written to sing forth the praises of '91.

We are heartily sorry we shall not have another chance, under more favorable circumstances, to try our strength and skill against our rivals. We only hope they will form a baseball team and have courage enough to play us this year.

Although we did not win the football championship, yet another honor, of which we can be equally proud, has fallen to our lot. Twice has '92's tug-of-war team come out of the Athletic Exhibition with flying colors, a record unparalleled in the history of the University. Not only have class teams succumbed to the superior strength of '92, but the best material from the whole University has been collected to defeat us, but all in vain. We have done it twice and can do it again.

But we are not all athletes. To some, the unraveling of a Greek sentence, or the reading of page after page of history, is more pleasant than exercise on the football field, and, as a consequence, in scholarship our class is unsurpassed. One member has received, even from

*Slight inaccuracy ; there were two.—*Editors of Hopkinsian.*

his earliest boyhood, appropriate and valuable rewards for his good work at school. He tells with great pleasure, how, for his excellent standing, he received a handsomely framed motto containing the touching words, "God Bless Our Home," embroidered in pink, green and yellow silk. When yet quite young he received as a present from a loving teacher, as a token of her respect for his profound intellect, a Waverley novel. These gifts, together with others less valuable, he prizes even to this day.

Not content with the prescribed course of study, one of our number has gone beyond and tasted of the sweets of original research. We record with much pride that Ch-n-t has, after most careful work extended through two years, discovered that the Voodoo now in possession of the Johns Hopkins University is the petrified remains of an extinct bird, of the genus *Haliaetus leucocephalus*, which in ages past inhabited the southern part of the United States. As the specimen here is the only one in existence, it will be removed with appropriate ceremony to the Biological Laboratory, and there carefully guarded. This discovery is by far the most important one made in the present decade.

In every department we are making our marks, and have long since learned that "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail." We think "flunk" more sonorous and therefore prefer to use it.

Our gallantry among the fair sex is well known, embracing much that is both sweet and beautiful.

A Junior banquet was indeed a decided innovation in the J. H. U., yet '92 conceived the idea, and worked it out to a most successful end. Yes, the banquet, through the efforts of the committee and the co-operation of the members of the class, was a grand success. If space allowed, much could be written about it which would redound to the

glory of '92. A large number drank their toasts in water, but they did not complain because B-l-l-k and "Cap." had a bottle between them under the table. No one was disconcerted because Gr-n-l-f talked so much, and we all enjoyed Th-b-ld's song, although he was "too full for utterance." "Stovey" was, after all, able to go home alone. But why call up these remembrances which are so indelibly stamped upon our minds?

It was bad enough for the Junior class to have a banquet, but when the Freshmen proposed a class supper it was going too far, and we took it into our heads, for the sake of the University, not to allow such an unheard-of thing. In a most effectual manner did we prevent them from having their much-talked-of supper. Indeed, we were sorry for them, but it was the only thing we could do. They feel their defeat deeply, and have concocted some improbable story to get themselves out of the joke, but any sane person could see it is all a "fake."

Did time allow, many pleasant incidents could be related. We might mention J—p's exploits with the girls, and tell how sundry parts of his raiment hold places of honor in many "memory books." We might dwell upon the theatre party and the pleasant remembrances connected with it. We might recall to the minds of the daily toilers in the "Black Hole," the little feasts on the luscious fruit sent them by a fostering angel from the sunny climes. We might even give, for the edification of the classical students, L-t-'és reasons for translating—

"Viribus ille

Confusus periit admirandisque lacertis."—JUV. X., 10-11.

"Trusting in his strength, he died while the lizards were looking on."

But no, these must be reserved for another time and another chronicler, who is better able to cope with such a difficult task and to picture them in befitting language.

Maroon
and
White.
rah!

Here's to ninety-three,
For they're just what they
should be,
Drink her down.



CLASS OF '93.

COLORS

MAROON AND WHITE.

CLASS YELL:

M.—D.—C C C! HOPKINS! HOPKINS! '93! HURRAH!

OFFICERS OF '93:

<i>President,</i>	.	.	.	DOUGLAS H. THOMAS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	.	.	.	JAMES W. YOUNG.
<i>Secretary,</i>	.	.	.	EDWIN L. TURNBULL.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	.	.	.	CHARLES W. NEWHALL.
<i>Historian,</i>	.	.	.	EUGENE L. OPIE.
<i>Executive Committee,</i>	-		{	CHARLES B. PENROSE, JR.
			{	JOHN L. C. LEE.
			{	J. GRIFFITH AMES, JR.

MEMBERS:

Adams, W.	Aughinbaugh, W. H.
Ahrens, A. H., A. Δ. Φ.	Bentley, A. F.
Ahrens, T. G., A. Δ. Φ.	Blackford, W. S., A. Δ. Φ.
Ames, J. G. Jr., A. Δ. Φ.	Bokee, J. H.
Andrews, F.	Boynton, G. E., A. Δ. Φ.
Aspinwall, L. M.	Cameron, T. F. P.

Clark, J. P.	Lee, J. L. G., Φ . K. Ψ .
Clark, W. L., Δ . Φ .	Mann, W. D.
Clarke, F. A.	Maynard, G. S.
Coburn, C. M.	Miller, N.
Doan, J. P.	Montgomery, W. A.
Dorsey, N. E.	Morris, W. J.
Doughty, H. W.	Moses, J. M.
Dowell, H. B.	Mullikin, C.
Edmondson, J. H.	Newhall, C. W., B. Θ . II.
Ferren, H. M.	Noyes, F. B.
Fleming, J. P., B. Θ . II.	Opie, E. L., Φ . K. Ψ .
Forbes, W. O.	Penrose, C. A.
Foster, A. D., Φ . Γ . Δ .	Penrose, C. B., Jr.
Geoghegan, W. B.	Phelps, C. E., Jr., Φ . Γ . Δ .
Gifford, J. C.	Price, H. B., Δ . Φ .
Griffiss, W., Φ . K. Ψ .	Purnell, J. H., Φ . Γ . Δ .
Hall, F. M.	Randolph, E. F.
Hamburger, L. P.	Randolph, H. F.
Hancock, R. J.	Reese, A. L.
Havez, J. C.	Reuling, R. C., Φ . K. Ψ .
Hearne, J. G.	Rowland, A. J.
House, R. G. S.	Schenck, C. C.
Hutton, R. E.	Schultz, W. F.
Jackson, L. L., Jr., Φ . Γ . Δ .	Smith, A. P., Φ . K. Ψ .
James, M.	Sonneborn, S.
Jones, G. W.	Soper, M. A.
Kelso, G. R.	Sparks, F. E.
Kilmon, F. A.	Thieme, H. P.
Langfeld, M.	Thomas, D. H., Jr., A. Δ . Φ .

Thomson, W. R.

Turnbull, D. C., Δ. Φ.

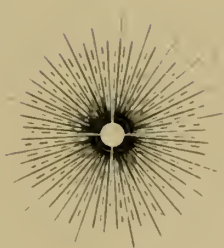
Turnbull, E. L., A. Δ. Φ.

Warfield, J. O., Φ. Γ. Δ.

Wilson, E. K., Jr.

Woodward, J. M.

Young, J. W., Φ. Γ. Δ.



'93 CLASS HISTORY.

IT can hardly be stated with truth that the Class of Ninety-three is the first that has existed at the Johns Hopkins University; previous classes have been, and it is to be hoped that the brilliancy of this one will not discourage the formation of others yet to be. Certainly there is very little to be attained beyond that which it has accomplished. As a matter of fact, it is even stated, that two disorganized bodies of students were found at the University in the fall of the year 1890, when Ninety three leaped into its glorious existence; but, if such was the case, it is of minor importance to one studying the history of the University for that year. These thoughts are suggested by Ninety-three's freshman year; indeed, they may have suggested themselves to some senior or junior student as he beheld all things in possession of the aforesaid glorious immortals.

The Class of Ninety-three began its existence as an organized body October 6th, 1890, although before that time at intervals of several months, pale, trembling school boys would resort to the gymnasium, at that time, for them, a place of untold mental torture; now the scene of their gymnastic triumphs, "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*" In adopting this as class motto a classical scholar proposed that "*forsan*" be stricken out, thus relieving the line of every element of doubt and metre. He did not call to mind that before entering into the Elysian fields, two seven-headed monsters must be passed or failed.

With the help of G-r-g- St-w-rt Br-w-n Ninety-three held its first class meeting ; aided by Ninety-three, G-r-g- St-w-rt Br-w-n held its second. Officers were elected, colors chosen, an assessment collected, the cry yelled, and there existed a class "composed of students graduating in the year 1893."

Since that time the course of Ninety-three has been one of honor and glory, but once, and then rudely, interrupted by defeat. There *was* an inter-class foot-ball contest. Of this, from the standpoint of Ninety-three, there is little to be said ; Ninety-three furnished the ball for one game, others less worthy did the rest. They'll do better next time.

That Ninety-three soon recovered from this defeat is shown by the event which soon followed, in which, by the way, the late victor was the vanquished. Envious of Ninety-three, the Class of Ninety-one and part of Ninety-two had proposed, following the custom in some universities, to exclude the freshman class from representation in the management of college matters. Understanding that affairs conducted upon such principles would fail completely, Ninety-three opposed this and met to elect representatives of its rights. Hence there was a large attendance, a thing with class meetings uncommon. Mere mention of some of those belonging to this class will suffice. There was Havez, weighty in counsel, and Hamburger, not quite so much so, and Mullikin, who is inquiring if this is a class meeting of Ninety-three. Sonneborn answered "Here" in his own peculiar way. There were Doughty, Jackson, Adams, Young, and Mann.

To address this august assembly J-h-n L. Gr-ff-th L—, philosopher, philanthropist, orator, rises, after matters of less moment have been transacted. Eloquently does he pour forth words of wisdom and advice, and lays open a plan, such that, were he to see it accomplished, the sun would stop in its course. He seems to be in full accord with

his audience, with intense, even painful, interest they follow every word he utters. Finally he stops, a pause follows, half affrighted men glance sidelong at one another, Havez moves his person, the spell is broken ; prolonged applause proclaims approval.

The following day this notice was posted upon the bulletin boards : "A 'supper' will be held by the Class of '93, Friday, January 23rd. Those wishing to attend will meet at the Christian Association building." Soon supplemented by foot notes of this character : "Come all ye sinners," "Beer and crackers," etc.

They came, they saw, * * * * *

For a detailed account of what occurred on this eventful night, so far as any record has been kept, reference may be had to such works as "The Capture of a Great City," compiled by members of Ninety-three, and "Ninety-one—Its Failure," instructive though somewhat voluminous. In this connection a war song of the time, which has been preserved, may be read with interest, "I'm glad I'm not in Ninety-two, I am."

The work accomplished by Ninety-three in art, literature and science has done much toward extending knowledge in the various departments to which its members have directed their energies. Although it is impossible to give here any idea of how these things have been brought about, it may be of interest to mention several of the most important. Mr. C-m-r-n has come to the conclusion that, man excepted, the islands of the Pacific Ocean are exclusively inhabited by domestic animals. Mr. Sch-nck has thrown new light upon the civilization of the ancient Egyptians by bringing forward the fact that empty bottles were found in the pyramids. Personally he considers this the most convincing proof extant of the high degree of civilization to which that people had arrived. Mr. C-b-r-n has attained deserved

celebrity through his lecture, frequently delivered, "Volcanoes that Weren't." Mr. S-m-b-r-n's treatise, "Gibt there no snakes who swim," has been read with profit by all those interested in Physical Geography as set forth in the P. H. U. Mr. H-ne-ck has thrown grave doubt upon the existence of such an individual as Haydn. When questioned publicly concerning that person he said: "I don't know who Haydn is, but I know the Haydens of Virginia. They live next door to us." He further stated that the great Haydn raised more cabbages last year than any one else in that part of the country. Such is an incomplete catalogue of the deeds of those of whom Ninety-three does justly boast.

The end has not yet come; much remains for the future to disclose. Nevertheless, as the first act comes to an end, one may look about him and with a smile of contentment say: "It promises great things." To day we are freshmen, to-morrow juniors, next day seniors; beyond lies the great unknown. "Populus sumus." The curtain falls; there is an unmistakable odor of sulphur dioxide ($S O_2$); from a black, bottomless pit, yawning in the earth, issue the hideous sounds: "Rah! Rah! Black!" "Hoorah Hopkins!" while far, far away the angels chant: "M D C C C! Hopkins! Hopkins! Ninety-three! Rah!"

ALMA MATER.

On a glorious summer evening,
When the hour was growing late,
I was wandering in the starlight,
Thinking on my comrades' fate.

Gazing upward to the heavens,
Pondering o'er that wondrous law
Which controls the stars unnumbered
Without ever stay or flaw.

Thinking how each single planet
Seems to follow its own will,
While it's firmly bound to others,
Ever moving—never still.

Thus it shall be with our number,
Though each seems his way to take,
Still we feel we're bound together
By a bond we ne'er shall break.

In the centre of our system,
Drawing us by cords of love,
Shall our college still unite us
As the stars are held above.

But with us the tie is common—
Love we give and love receive,
Alma Mater's strength is quickened
When success her sons achieve.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

THE Alumni of the Johns Hopkins University present their compliments to the class of '91 and accept with pleasure its invitation to meet the public. And the entertainment will neither be so very crowded nor so venerable in appearance, for the Johns Hopkins alumnus is still select and in the vigor of youth ; in all respects worthy the pride and attention of the class of '91. In deference to the solicitude of sister institutions he thrives and increases, and possesses his soul in patience against the time when the earth, it shall be his. For the story of his development and his deeds he refers to the columns of the revered University Circular, an institutional document of the highest value. There can the graduate student, as well as the matriculate, behold the reason for the faith that is in him, read the secret of his present hopes and divine his future greatness.

It is but thirteen years ago, a potent number, that the first alumnus of our Alma Mater was entrusted to an admiring world. He was a Ph. D. and he had three companions. The pioneer A. B.'s, three in number, appeared in 1879. But from these small beginnings came increasing classes, until by the summer of 1886, the end of the first decade of the University, there had passed under the yoke not less than eighty-four Ph. D.'s and one hundred and nineteen A. B.'s. With due regard to this growing strength, on the tenth anniversary, April 26th, 1886, at a luncheon spread in the gymnasium, Craig, Ph. D. '79, seconded by Wilson,

Ph. D. '81, proposed a committee of ten to draw up a plan for an Alumni Association. On the morning of February 22d, 1887, this committee made its report to the body of Alumni assembled in the Biological Laboratory. It was adopted and officers were elected for the ensuing year: Marquand, Ph. D. '80, president; Bowdoin, A. B. '81, secretary; McLane, A. B. '86, treasurer; with Craig, Hartwell, Ph. D. '81, and Glenn, A. B. '89, on the executive committee. The first lunch was given that day in the St. James Hotel.

Thus recent are the foundations of that Association, which already to the thought of its expectant members seems a part of the time before the world was. In the four years which have since elapsed what has been done? It has more than double its members, by the addition of one hundred Ph. D.'s and one hundred and thirty-one A. B.'s. It has formed a branch association in New York City and is taking steps to form one in Washington. It has aided the University in her work, the non-resident members by directing students to Baltimore, the resident by the many minor offices of every day contact. In matters of financial import its actual support has been necessarily limited. Yet the Alumni have given promise of what may be done in no distant time, by pledging as individuals their small sums to the Emergency Fund and as a body presented to the University the fine bust of Professor Morris, now placed in Levering Hall.

Though the connection between the institution and her graduates has ever been constant and intimate, the relations of the Alumni to the students have not been equally as close. The causes for this state of affairs, whatever they may have been in the past, cannot last long under the new life which is now growing up in and around the University. A great bond of union in the future will be found in the fraternity houses, but recently established. They offer a substitute for home during the

years of student life and a refuge, full of pleasant memories, from the cares of business or professions. As the particular fraternities find it to their interest to maintain intimate relations with their Alumni, so the whole student body will find it both pleasant and profitable to keep in close contact with the graduates of the University who reside in Baltimore. Their coöperation in social enterprises of the University will be solicited in the future, as it has not been in the past, and active interest thus evoked will strengthen all the natural ties of sympathy and fellowship. The last four years have brought about many changes which have been of great benefit to the inner life of the University. It lies in the hands of the undergraduates to determine whether the next four may not see even greater progress and to this end we hope to read among the legacies, bequeathed by '91 to '92 and '93, a perpetual annuity for the affectionate cultivation of the resident Alumni.



Ph. D. '81, proposed a committee of ten to draw up a plan for an Alumni Association. On the morning of February 22d, 1887, this committee made its report to the body of Alumni assembled in the Biological Laboratory. It was adopted and officers were elected for the ensuing year: Marquand, Ph. D. '80, president; Bowdoin, A. B. '81, secretary; McLane, A. B. '86, treasurer; with Craig, Hartwell, Ph. D. '81, and Glenn, A. B. '89, on the executive committee. The first lunch was given that day in the St. James Hotel.

Thus recent are the foundations of that Association, which already to the thought of its expectant members seems a part of the time before the world was. In the four years which have since elapsed what has been done? It has more than double its members, by the addition of one hundred Ph. D.'s and one hundred and thirty-one A. B.'s. It has formed a branch association in New York City and is taking steps to form one in Washington. It has aided the University in her work, the non-resident members by directing students to Baltimore, the resident by the many minor offices of every day contact. In matters of financial import its actual support has been necessarily limited. Yet the Alumni have given promise of what may be done in no distant time, by pledging as individuals their small sums to the Emergency Fund and as a body presented to the University the fine bust of Professor Morris, now placed in Levering Hall.

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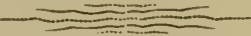


WASHINGTON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

THE suggestion of an Alumni Association of the Johns Hopkins University in Washington has often been proposed and tried, but has never been made a success until last winter. It was through the energy of Professor Percy M. Hughes, A. B., Professor of History in the Washington High School, that the graduates of John Hopkins in Washington were brought together. Professor Hughes issued a call for a meeting, in which he strongly pointed out the advantages of organization. Johns Hopkins is well and ably represented in Washington. Washington has been and is well represented at Johns Hopkins. Of those who have taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts at our Alma Mater, eleven are in the Capital City. Ten Doctors of Philosophy are employed there in the government service, or are professors in the schools and colleges. Three who were formerly Fellows are teaching or are specialists in the government employ. Fifteen former students now reside in Washington. The "city of magnificent distances" is represented at Johns Hopkins by seventeen, classed as follows: Two fellows, one fellow by courtesy, four matriculates, two graduate students, two special students, and six candidates for matriculation.

From the quality and quantity of such material as represents Johns Hopkins in Washington, Mr. Hughes thought that an association of graduates could readily be formed. Accordingly those in the city were invited to meet in the parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association and there to consider the feasibility of the proposed plan. It was the sense of the meeting, held December 8th, 1890, that an organization

would be of benefit not only now, but when the numbers of the graduates had increased, its efficacy would increase in far greater proportion. The meeting organized by electing the following officers: President, Henry C. Adams, Ph. D., statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission and Professor in the University of Michigan; vice-president, John B. Daish, A. B., who is engaged in mercantile pursuits; secretary and treasurer, W. F. Willoughby, of the Department of Labor; other members of the Executive Committee, C. W. Hayes, of the Geological Survey, and Percy M. Hughes, A. B., of the Washington High School.



1492—1892.

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
Columbus sailed the ocean blue.
For days and days beyond all count,
The world was blue to any amount.
But all the blue of all the sea—
In quantity and quality—
That in that time he had to pass
Was not so blue as is the class
Of eighteen hundred and ninety-two.
For they are blue and blue and blue.
The pains and sorrows, each and all,
Columbus had in his rise and fall,
Trying to prove the earth a ball,
Were not a circumstance beside
The pains and aches—in and outside—
They feel in sinew and in mind
At thought of a ball of a different kind.

AN EPITAPH.

Lately there passed within the asylum's wall
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Much science brought about his early fall,
And mathematics marked him for her own.

For, though in other parts of learning weak,
Nor much distinguished in the great horse-play,
He solved equations ere he learned to speak,
Nor yet had learned to write when called away.

In lecturing, too, he greatly did surpass,
Telling the peace that follows virtue's way,
And when the doctor failed to meet his class,
Announced that "he would take his place that day."

But now, indeed, he's under constant charge,
The subject of a keeper's strict attention,
Nor heaven be praised, again will be at large,
Save by discovery of the fourth dimension.

Now to his own case might well be applied
The definition which he once devised
Of chemistry for his great lexicon,
In last year's Medley duly advertised.

Before, although in theory absurd,
He gave no trouble, never raised a fuss,
But since the change came on him—in a word,
He's now in practice highly dangerous.

SECRET SOCIETIES



Stedman's Review '91

BETA THETA PI FRATERNITY.

LIST OF CHAPTERS.

Harvard,	<i>Eta.</i>	Virginia,	<i>Omicron.</i>
Brown,	<i>Kappa.</i>	Davidson,	<i>Phi Alpha.</i>
Boston,	<i>Upsilon.</i>	Richmond,	<i>Alpha Kappa.</i>
Maine State,	<i>Beta Etta.</i>	Randolph-Macon,	<i>Xi.</i>
Amherst,	<i>Beta Iota.</i>	Centre,	<i>Epsilon.</i>
Dartmouth,	<i>Alpha Omega.</i>	Cumberland,	<i>Mu.</i>
Wesleyan,	<i>Mu Epsilon.</i>	Mississippi,	<i>Beta Beta.</i>
Stevens,	<i>Sigma.</i>	Vanderbilt,	<i>Beta Lambda.</i>
Cornell,	<i>Beta Delta.</i>	Texas,	<i>Beta Omicron.</i>
St. Lawrence,	<i>Beta Zeta.</i>	Miami,	<i>Alpha.</i>
Colgate,	<i>Beta Theta.</i>	Univ. of Cincinnati,	<i>Beta Nu.</i>
Union,	<i>Nu.</i>	Ohio,	<i>Beta Kappa.</i>
Columbia,	<i>Alpha Alpha.</i>	Western Reserve,	<i>Beta.</i>
Syracuse,	<i>Beta Epsilon.</i>	Wash.-Jefferson,	<i>Gamma.</i>
Dickinson,	<i>Alpha Sigma.</i>	Ohio Wesleyan,	<i>Theta.</i>
Johns Hopkins,	<i>Alpha Chi.</i>	Bethany,	<i>Psi.</i>
University of Penn.,	<i>Phi.</i>	Wittenberg,	<i>Alpha Gamma.</i>
Pa. State College,	<i>Alpha Upsilon.</i>	Denison,	<i>Alpha Eta.</i>
Hampden-Sidney,	<i>Zeta.</i>	Wooster,	<i>Alpha Lambda.</i>
North Carolina,	<i>Eta Beta.</i>	Kenyon,	<i>Beta Alpha.</i>



DREKA, PHILA

Ohio State,	<i>Theta Delta.</i>	Iowa Wesleyan,	<i>Alpha Epsilon.</i>
De Panw,	<i>Delta.</i>	Wisconsin,	<i>Alpha Pi.</i>
Indiana,	<i>Pi.</i>	Northwestern,	<i>Rho.</i>
Michigan,	<i>Lambda.</i>	Minnesota,	<i>Beta Pi.</i>
Wabash,	<i>Tau.</i>	Westminster,	<i>Alpha Delta.</i>
Hanover,	<i>Iota.</i>	Kansas,	<i>Alpha Nu.</i>
Knox,	<i>Alpha Xi.</i>	California,	<i>Omega.</i>
Beloit,	<i>Chi.</i>	Denver,	<i>Alpha Zeta.</i>
Iowa State,	<i>Alpha Beta.</i>	Nebraska,	<i>Alpha Tau.</i>



BETA THETA PI FRATERNITY.

ALPHA CHI CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1839.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1878.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Delano Ames, '91.

Thomas S. Baker, '91.

Charles G. Baldwin, '91.

Randolph Barton, Jr., '91.

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E. Carl Breithaupt, L. E. L.

C. Pliny Brigham, A. B.

Walter C. Brigham, '91.

James E. Bryan, Jr., A. B.

Henry A. Bumstead, '91.

Vernon Cook, A. B.

George E. Cox, '92.

Albert B. Faust, A. B.

John P. Fleming, Special.

P. Hanson Hiss, Jr., Special.

George Lefevre, '91.

Earl P. Lothrop, '92.

Charles W. Newhall, '93.

Charles F. Painter, '91.

Brantz M. Roszel, A. B.

Lester L. Stevens, '92.

Charles F. Woods, Jr., '91.

ALUMNI AT THE UNIVERSITY.

William W. Baden, A. B.	William A. Johnson, A. B.
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J. Elliott Gilpin, A. B.	James A. Lyman, A. B.
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Charles Hickok, A. B.	Henry R. McIlwaine, A. B.
Theodore Hough, A. B.	Lucius S. Merriam, S. B.
William I. Hull, A. B.	William H. Tolman, A. M.

John White, Jr., A. B.

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Rev. T. M. Beadenkoff.	E. T. Landin, M. D.	Samuel Sessions.
Daniel L. Brinton.	J. R. Larus.	Henry Shirk, Jr.
Powhattan Clarke.	J. E. Lindsay, M. D.	B. B. Shreeves.
R. C. Cole, Jr.	John Loney.	Charles E. Simon, M. D.
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John W. Dietrick.	John W. Lowe.	William F. Smith.
T. I. Elliott.	J. V. McKenzie, M. D.	Rev. W. R. Stricklen.
Thomas Spear Fearn.	William L. Marbury.	G. B. Wade.
Edgar Goodman.	I. R. Page, M. D.	W. A. Wade.
William A. Hanway.	Waldo Newcomer.	Henry H. Wiegand.
Charles A. Hoch, M. D.	William H. Perkins, Jr.	Lewis W. Wilhelm.
John H. Johnson, Jr.	James Reaney, Jr.	Rev. L. B. Wilson.

PHI KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

Cornell,	Univ. of South Carolina,
Syracuse,	Univ. of Mississippi,
Hobart,	Ohio Wesleyan,
Colgate,	Wittenberg,
Washington and Jefferson,	Wooster,
Allegheny,	Ohio State Univ.,
Bucknell,	De Pauw,
Pennsylvania,	Univ. of Indiana,
Dickinson,	Wabash,
Franklin and Marshall,	Northwestern,
Lafayette,	Univ. of Michigan,
Univ. of Pennsylvania,	Univ. of Wisconsin,
Swathmore,	Beloit,
Johns Hopkins,	Univ. of Iowa,
Univ. of Virginia,	Univ. of Minnesota,
Washington and Lee,	Univ. of Kansas,
Hampden—Sidney,	Univ. of the Pacific.



PHI KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY.

MARYLAND ALPHA CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1852.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1879.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Michael Alexander Agelasto,	Charles Roy McKay,
Thomas Morris Brown,	Arthur Stanley Mackenzie,
George Carey,	James Farnandis Mitchell,
Neilson Poe Carey,	Wilfred Pirt Mustard,
Paul Joseph Dashiell,	Eugene Lindsay Opie,
William Alexander Eckels,	Thomas Dobbin Penniman,
Henry Fay,	Wyatt William Randall,
Wilmot Griffliss,	Robert Charles Reuling,
John Leopold Griffith Lee,	Alan Penniman Smith, Jr.,
Westel Woodbury Willoughby.	

MEMBERS ON ACADEMIC STAFF.

J. W. Bright,	M. D. Learned,
Woodrow Wilson,	W. W. Randall.

FRATRES IN URBE.

William Baker, Jr.,	H. M. Brune,
H. J. Bowdoin,	E. C. Carrington,
John Bridges,	J. Howell Carroll,
Alexander Brown,	W. K. Cromwell,
H. M. Brown,	P. S. Dickey,

E. J. Farber,
Fred. Farber,
H. J. Farber,
Chas. Frick,
G. F. Gephart,*
D. S. Gittings,
W. L. Glenn,
B. B. Gordon,
Douglas Gordon,
E. R. L. Gould,
W. J. Guard,
W. N. Haxall,
S. Hodges,
C. M. Howard,
J. S. Jones,
F. A. Kurtz,
P. M. Leakin,
B. B. Lanier,
Alan McLane, Jr.,
R. M. McLane, Jr.,
Robt. Magruder,
J. F. Mason, of R.,
R. H. Murphy,

D. M. Murray,
John Neff,
G. D. Penniman,
W. B. D. Penniman,
J. G. Pitts,
John Pleasants,
R. H. Pleasants, Jr.,
S. J. Poe,
P. M. Prescott,
G. J. Preston,
Albert Ritchie,
Carroll H. Robinson,
Ralph Robinson,
N. R. Smith,
H. M. Thomas,
I. R. Trimble,
P. W. Tunstall,
W. B. Tunstall,
R. M. Venable,
J. H. Wilmer,
J. F. Williams,
Hiram Woods, Jr.,
T. K. Worthington.

*Deceased.



PHI KAPPA PSI ALUMNI ASSOCIATION. OF BALTIMORE.

President,

DANIEL M. MURRAY.

Vice-President,

ISAAC MCCURLEY.

Secretary,

W. KENNEDY CROMWELL.

Treasurer,

HAMILTON M. BROWN.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE :

Henry J. Bowdoin,

Charles M. Howard,

Thos. K. Worthington.

MEMBERS :

Wm. H. Bayless,

Robert M. McLane,

Herbert M. Brune,

John Pleasants,

D. Stewett Gittings,

H. P. Sadtler,

Julian S. Jones,

Nathan R. Smith,

Berwick B. Lanier,

Ed. Farber,

Alan McLane,

Charles Frick,

W. B. Penniman,
Ralph Robinson,
S. D. Shoemaker,
Henry J. Bowdoin,
W. Kennedy Cromwell,
W. L. Glenn,
Benjamin Kurtz,
Jno. F. Mason, Jr., of R.,

Charles M. Howard,
F. Albert Kurtz,
Isaac McCurley,
Geo. D. Penniman,
Richard H. Pleasants,
Abraham Sharp,
John F. Williams,
Thos. K. Worthington,

Hamilton M. Brown.





LOCKWOOD, N.Y.

DELTA PHI FRATERNITY.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Union College,	<i>Alpha.</i>	University of Pennsylvania,	<i>Eta.</i>
Brown University,	<i>Beta.</i>	Rensselaer Pol. Institute,	<i>Lambda.</i>
New York University,	<i>Gamma.</i>	Lehigh University,	<i>Nu.</i>
Columbia College,	<i>Delta.</i>	Johns Hopkins University,	<i>Xi.</i>
Rutgers College,	<i>Epsilon.</i>	Sheffield Scientific School,	<i>Omicron.</i>
Harvard University,	<i>Zeta.</i>		

DELTA PHI FRATERNITY.

XI CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1827. CHAPTER FOUNDED 1885.

REGULAR MEMBERS.

UNDERGRADUATES :

Algernon Duval Atkinson,	Harry H. Keedy,
Sidney Hand Browne,	Alfred Wilmot Pleasants,
W. Lawrence Clark,	Harry Brooks Price,
Warrington Cottman,	Alfred Magill Randolph, Jr.,
George W. Dobbin, Jr.,	William Stuart Symington, Jr.,
Charles McH. Howard,	Peré Wickes,
Douglas C. Turnbull,	Richard Gordon Williams.

GRADUATES :

William Hand Browne, A. B.,	Samuel V. Hoffman, M. E.,
George W. Field, A. B.,	Edward P. Manning, A. B.
Philip Randle Moale, A. B.,	

FRATRES IN URBE :

Arthur Lee Browne,	Ross Winans Whistler,
Henry Oliver Thompson,	Thomas Delano Whistler
William Whitridge,	Eugene Levering, Jr.
Benjamin C. Howard,	Hunter Robb, M. D.
D. Meredith Reese,	Lewis Morris,
J. Whitridge Williams,	Robert T. Taylor,
Ernest Stokes,	Arnold K. Reese,
Thomas Courtney Jenkins,	Edward Rust,
Thomas Harrison Symington,	Wm. B. Paca,
William Reed,	Thomas Whitridge

H. C. Nitze, *Russian Vice-Consul.*



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ALPHA DELTA PHI FRATERNITY.

FOUNDED AT HAMILTON COLLEGE, 1832.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Hamilton	Hamilton College	1832.
Columbia	Columbia College	1836.
Yale	Yale University	1837.
Amherst	Amherst College	1837.
Brunonian	Brown University	1837.
Harvard	Harvard University	1837.
Hudson	Adelbert College	1841.
Bowdoin	Bowdoin College	1841.
Dartmouth	Dartmouth College	1845.
Peninsular	University of Michigan	1846.
Rochester	University of Rochester	1850.
Williams	Williams College	1851.
Manhattan	College of the City of N. Y.	1855.
Middletown	Wesleyan University	1856.
Kenyon	Kenyon College	1858.
Union	Union College	1859.
Cornell	Cornell University	1870.
Phi Kappa	Trinity College	1877.
Johns Hopkins	Johns Hopkins University	1889.

PHI GAMMA DELTA.

CHAPTER ROLL :

Massachusetts Institute of Technology,	Washington and Lee University,
Yale University,	Richmond College,
College City of New York,	Marietta College,
Columbia College,	Wittenberg College,
Colgate University,	Ohio Wesleyan University,
Cornell University,	Denison University,
Washington and Jefferson College,	Ohio State University,
University of Pennsylvania,	University of Wooster,
Bucknell University,	University of Michigan,
Pennsylvania College,	University of Indiana,
Allegheny College,	De Pauw University,
Muhlenberg College,	Hanover College,
Lafayette College,	Wabash College,
Lehigh University,	Illinois Wesleyan University,
Pennsylvania State College,	Knox College,
Johns Hopkins University,	Minnesota University,
North Carolina University,	Bethel College,
Virginia University,	Tennessee University,
Roanoke College,	Kansas University,
Hampden-Sidney College,	Wm. Jewell College,
	University of California.



PHI GAMMA DELTA.

BETA MU CHAPTER.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE :

Newton D. Baker,	Elmer P. Kohler,
W. Calvin Chesnut,	J. Dice McLaren,
Arthur D. Foster,	Charles E. Phelps, Jr.,
Stephen C. Harry,	J. Hurst Purnell,
Frederic C. Howe,	Edward A. Ross,
Lloyd L. Jackson, Jr.,	*Karl H. Ramsburg,
David Kinley,	J. Ogle Warfield.
James W. Young.	

FRATRES IN URBE :

W. Scott Amoss,	E. W. Greaner,
Robert F. Brent,	Rev. Chas. S. Albert,
James W. Carr, Jr.	James Swan Frick,
F. Henry Coppers,	Frank V. Rhoades,
Charles H. Dickey,	M. A. Sherretts,
Alfred B. Giles, M. D.	B. H. Richards,
Geo. E. Ijams,	Otto B. Weik,
James H. Giese,	J. Chambers Weeks.

Nathan D. Hynson.

*Deceased.

ALPHA SIGMA SIGMA.

W. STUART SYMINGTON, JR.

Neilson Poe Carey,

William Knowler,

Charles F. Woods,

George W. Dobbin,

James Farnandis Mitchell,

George C. Morrison,

Henry McE. Knowler,

Charles F. Painter,

T. Morris Brown.

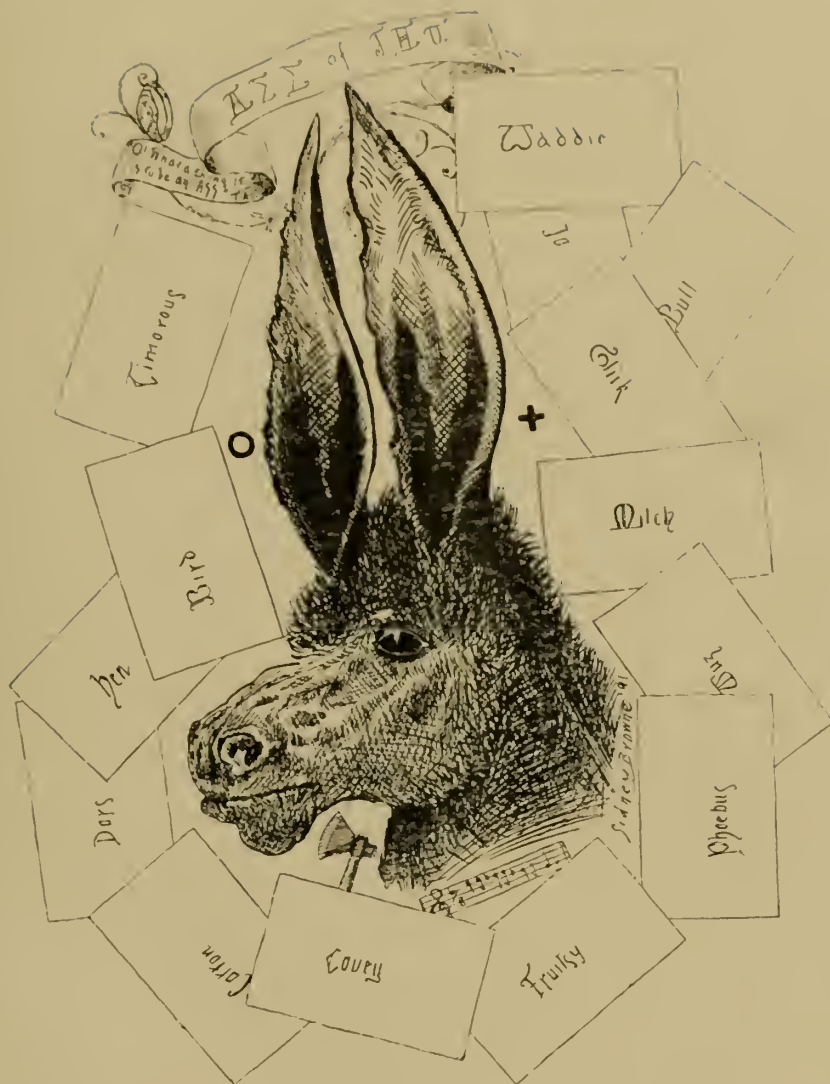
A. D. Atkinson,

George Lefevre,

George Carey.

FRATER IN URBE.

D. Dorsey Guy.



SIGMA TAU KAPPA CLUB.

PAST MEMBERS.

H. Burrough, Jr.,
G. H. Gilman,

A. L. Browne,
J. A. Emory.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

J. S. Ames,
W. J. A. Bliss,
Francis Bullard,

S. V. Hoffman,
A. M. Randolph, Jr.,
C. M. Stewart, Jr.



MEMBERS OF FRATERNITIES HAVING NO CHAPTERS AT THE UNIVERSITY.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA.

Frederick Tupper, Jr.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.

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Henry F. Clark.	Francis P. King.	Eugene H. Roberts.
George H. Haynes.	Paul E. Lauer.	Edward B. Rosa.
Wm. E. Smyser.	Joseph M. Willard.	

DELTA TAU DELTA.

Charles R. Keyes.

DELTA UPSILON GAMMA.

Geo. R. Morris. H. A. Mather.

DELTA PSI.

Frank J. Mather, Jr.

ZETA PSI.

Henry W. Frye. L. E. Munoz del Monte. Harry Seager.

THETA DELTA CHI.

Arthur J. Hopkins. Sidney G. Stacey.

THETA PI.

Ulysses S. Grant.

KAPPA ALPHA (SOUTHERN ORDER).

Stockton Axson,	J. Rufus Hunter,
Thomas P. Harrison,	C. Alphonso Smith,
Wm. A. Harris,	W. A. Montgomery.

KAPPA DELTA PI.

Hanson Hiss.

KAPPA SIGMA.

H. T. Randolph.

SIGMA CHI.

E. R. Johnson.

John C. Robertson.

Norman C. McPherson.

Samuel K. Smith.

Rev. J. C. Nicholson.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

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Henry P. Manning.

Charles L. Poor.

Alfred Gudeman.

Edward P. Manning.

Robert L. Slagle.

Geo. H. Haynes.

Edward B. Rosa.

Bernard C. Steiner.

Wm. A. Scott.

PHI DELTA THETA.

J. Frederick Heisse.

J. Miller Hill.

Lyman P. Powell.

George Petrie.

Wm. Sidney Smith.

Jesse Woodward.

CHI PSI.

Melvin Brandow.

John M. Parkinson.



THE HOPKINS MASCOT.

Who rides to Clifton on the 'bus—
The sassy, nervy little cuss—
For all the world like one of us?

D.

Who is the mascot of the teams,
Till, if he is away, it seems
Victories are the vainest dreams?

D.

Who's mighty frequent at the "Gym,"
And, though he is not large of limb,
Knows none can get away with him?

D.

Whom do you sometimes want to spank
For some sly joke or funny prank,
But laugh, instead, at his "you crank?"

D.

Who stalked in like an Indian chief
To the last dance and said "Good grief!
A supper in this place!? Great beef!?"

D.

Who'll fight the world and not get stuck?
Whom do we all like for his pluck?
Whom do we all wish rattling luck?

D.

some of the laws governing the phenomena studied. Incidentally, a very sweet substance, now widely known and manufactured under the commercial name of saccharine, was first made. This substance is interesting from the fact that it is several hundred times as sweet as sugar, but the importance of the discovery lies in its practical rather than in its scientific bearings. The influence of a magnetic field upon chemical action taking place in it was investigated, and it was found that in some cases chemical action is influenced in a very remarkable way by magnetism. The large class of compounds known as the double halides has also been the subject of investigation, and work upon this subject is still in progress. As a result of this work, the principal law governing the composition of these salts was discovered by Professor Remsen, and he has adduced evidence tending to show that they are analogous to the better known oxygen salts. This is a conclusion of great importance, and is a long step forward in the knowledge of the structure of this class of substances. The study of certain phenomena of dissociation by Dr. Morse has shown that many compounds which are not dissociated when heated alone, are readily dissociated when heated in the presence of one of the constituents of the compounds. This has already led to a clearer conception of the nature of dissociation. Besides these more purely scientific researches, some investigations in the field of applied chemistry have also been carried out. Of these probably the most important was the discovery of the cause of a peculiar and very disagreeable condition of the water of Boston in the year 1881. The cause had been sought for many years, but was not found until Professor Remsen showed it to be a sponge that was growing in large quantities on the bottom of one of the artificial lakes from which the water of the city is taken. When this growth was removed, the water ceased to be affected, and has not been so since.

Biology has not been behind her sister sciences in the Johns Hopkins University. To a person not a biologist, one of the most interesting things that has been done in this department, is the invention by Professor Martin of a method of keeping alive the heart of a dog, or other mammal, for some hours after its removal from the chest. The importance of this, which had never before been accomplished in the case of warm-blooded animals, can scarcely be over-estimated; it has made possible a large number of investigations, both of medical and of purely scientific interest, such as the action of certain poisons or other drugs upon the heart. Dr. Brooks' study of the life history and habits of the oyster will appeal to all who are interested in that delicious bivalve, whether scientifically or gastronomically. It has led to a method of artificial cultivation which has been tried, with considerable success in Connecticut, and may one day be an important factor in the oyster production of this country. Already the oyster beds of the Chesapeake are giving out, and it is only a question of time, and perhaps of a very short time, when artificial cultivation will have to be resorted to. Other researches by Dr. Brooks and his pupils, chiefly upon the embryology of various marine organisms, have obtained wide recognition among biologists. These are of great importance not only on account of the gain of knowledge concerning the animals in question, but also from their indirect bearing upon the theory of evolution, and it has been said that it is difficult to find a student of biology on either side of the Atlantic who is not familiar with them.

As we turn from the domain of natural science to literary and historical studies, we find that work of no less merit has been accomplished there; although from its nature it is more difficult to specify, in a brief sketch like the present, than the investigations of which we have just been speaking.

The work of the Historical Department has found expression mainly in the "Johns Hopkins University Studies in History and Politics," edited by Professor Adams. These include many notable monographs upon historical and political subjects, occasionally, in the earlier years of their publication, by eminent historical scholars not connected with the University; but of late, the number of studies by actual members of the University has steadily increased, and the series for 1891 will contain no contributions from outsiders. These "Studies" were begun in 1883, and eight annual series have been issued, the ninth being now in process of publication. Among them may be mentioned as worthy of special notice, Professor Edward A. Freeman's "Introduction to American Institutional History;" Dr. Adams' essays on "The Methods of Historical Study," "Maryland's Influence upon Land Cessions to the United States," "The Germanic Origin of New England Towns," and other studies in the history of American institutions; a "History of the Land Question in the United States," by Shosuke Sato; "The Predictions of Hamilton and De Tocqueville," by James Bryce; "Arnold Toyubee," by F. C. Montague; "The Beginnings of American Nationality," by Albion W. Small; "The Progress of the Colored People of Maryland since the War," by Jeffrey R. Bracket, and the "Government and Administration of the United States," by W. W. and W. F. Willoughby. These, with many more, embody the work of the Historical Department for the past eight years, and their value is evidenced not only by the high standing of the authors of many of them, but also by the extended circulation they have attained among students of history and politics.

In the departments devoted to the study of language, the original work done by students is less than in other departments; for literary criticism calls for that maturity of judgment and ripe scholarship which

only long experience can give. For this reason the work in these departments has been done mainly by the professors, although the students have furnished much assistance in the collection of materials.

In Greek and Latin, work of the first importance in the field of syntax and style has been accomplished. Professor Gildersleeve's studies on the articular infinitive, the conditional sentence, the stylistic effect of the participle, the use of the negatives, etc., have settled many disputed questions for all time, while Dr. Spieker's work on the genitive absolute in the Attic Orators has cleared the clouds from several troublesome questions. Among many other investigations of great value may be mentioned, Dr. A. T. Murray's dissertation on para-tragedy in Aristophanes, Dr. Newhall's dissertation on the dramatic and mimetic features of Plato's *Gorgias*, Dr. J. S. Harry's rhetorical study of the *Leptinean Orations*, Dr. Lees' study of the rhetorical element in *Euripides*, Dr. C. J. Goodwin's dissertation on *Apollonius Rhodius* and Dr. Hussey's study of the metaphors and similes in Plato. A very valuable work was the publication by the University of "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," in fac-simile, from the Greek manuscript in the custody of the Patriarch of Jerusalem. This was edited by Professor J. Rendel Harris, who was at that time connected with this University.

In Sanscrit, Dr. Bloomfield's edition of the *Kaṇḍika-Sūtra*, a most difficult subject, has received much attention. On account of the type, it had to be printed in Germany, and in the face of many difficulties—such as the imposition of a duty on the proofs by the unenlightened officials of the custom-house—it was completed, and is the most important piece of Sanscrit work achieved in America, with the exception of the general contributions of the veteran Professor Whitney. Drs. Magoun and Fay have done excellent work on the *Atharva-Veda*, and Dr. Bloomfield's occasional notes on the interpretation of the *Vedas* and

Sutras have elucidated many dark points. His contributions to the comparative grammar of Latin and Greek, especially on ablaut and accent are new and original, and are now very generally accepted.

One of the chief glories of the Semitic Department is the number of languages in which instruction is given. To the already long list—including Hebrew, Aramæan, Syriac, Arabic (classical and modern), Ethiopic and Assyrian—have recently been added Turkish and Persian. Probably the most laborious piece of work ever attempted at this university is the Assyrian Lexicon, the first ever published in English, now being prepared by advanced students under the direction of Professor Haupt. The Hebrew section is devoting its attention to the book of Ecclesiastes, in which several students are making original investigations. This book will shortly appear, edited and explained by Professor Haupt, who has devoted several years of study to it and has developed some very radical and interesting theories, which will undoubtedly produce a profound sensation when made public. He is also the leading spirit in the preparation of a unique edition of the Bible in the original tongues, to be published shortly. The text will be printed in various colors to indicate the different sources,—for instance, the words of the Saviour will be printed in gold type. Professor Haupt has himself invented a process which will make this edition inexpensive.

But we must close our brief account at this point. A number of the departments have not been mentioned at all, not because of any lack of original work, but because their work has been similar in character to that already described. A complete account of the work of the University would be a matter of volumes, not of pages, and, of course, cannot be attempted here, but it is hoped that the hurried enumeration of a small part will serve to give some faint idea of the magnitude and importance of the work that is going on about us every day.

IN MEMORIAM.

A face we loved has left us,
A voice we knew is stilled,
A void there is among us,
Which never can be filled.

We feel a deep contrition,
Our hearts are full of woe,
To think that they have left us,
Whom once we worried so.

Who does not well remember
The stolid German face,
That ever vainly (?) hunted
For smoke about the place!

Or how on rainy evenings,
When in the "Gym" we'd sing,
A most effective damper
He'd uniformly bring.

Or how, when work was over,
And all had time to play,
The sign upon the door would read,
"The 'Gym' is closed to-day."

Or how he kindly offered
To bind up Aggy's sprain,—
The trifling service rendered
Was "not for wordly gain."

But when the bill was rendered,
There was one certain thing,
It did not pay to practice
Upon the Giant Swing.

And now that he has left us,
We hope that he will meet
What ever here he sought in vain,—
A gentleman complete.

We leave him for another,
Who should have come before,
If the standard of precedence
Were chronologic lore.

For to tell you with precision
The day, nay more, the hour,
When anything on earth took place,
He had a gruesome power.

Monasticism with its heads —
It had about a score,
Could not compare with Luther's dates,
Which numbered thirty more.

One thing there was, which never failed
To greatly rile his class,
I mean his little way, when stumped,—
Of dodging what was asked.

Another little way he had —
I'm told he has it yet —
He always would call Charlemagne
That "Wawyah, Charles the Grêt."

And when he tried to spell a name,
The letters would not come,
Until but very few were left,
And then they'd fairly hum.

Ah, well we now recall the day,
When laughter was full rife,
" I can not lecture, men," he said,
" My notes are with my wife."

And how the fellows, unprepared,
Would wear a sheepish look,
As they read without compunction,
Verbatim from the book.

Alas, he too has left us,
For a college in the west,
Where now, no doubt, he's giving
New dates with old-time zest.





ATHLETICS.

ALTHOUGH the various sports and their prospects for the year have been discussed under their respective heads, a word about General Athletics at the University will not, perhaps, be out of place.

A short retrospect on this subject might include the date, October 1, 1883, upon which the A. A. of the J. H. U. was formed by the consolidation of the different athletic interests, but after that time we meet with little of special interest until the first Spring Sports were held, May, '87. The table annexed shows that three records then made have not since been broken. Increased interest among both students and outsiders and a much better athletic showing marked the Spring Sports of '88, but in '89 the splendid financial (and social) success of the first in-door exhibition caused the out-door sports to be overlooked entirely. To the credit of '89, however, it should be said that this seeming lack of interest was due in great part to the continued wet weather, which would have prevented a good showing. A second successful gymnasium exhibition (Feb., '90) was followed by Spring Sports, doubtless still fresh in the memory of all the good people of Baltimore who waited some three hours more than usual for the 'bus, but were rewarded—as good people always are—by seeing four additional records made on very heavy ground.

This brief summary brings us to the exhibition just given, (Feb., '91), which was satisfactory in every way. The good results of the formation of a house committee to act as a medium between students and faculty in the interest of in-door Athletics, is already noticeable in

the improved Gymnasium equipment. The continued efforts of the President of the Association have been crowned with success; the gentlemen who have "spared no pains to make the buildings attractive" have, by their generous gift of a transportation fund, done much towards giving Clifton an equal charm. And then we are to have a running track! Great improvement is, therefore, to be expected in the Spring events.

The following table has been compiled more as an incentive to improvement than as a record of what has been done in this line, yet it may be of interest in years to come, when the athletic reputation of the J. H. U. shall be as broad as is its name for scholarship, to read of the first records made under the auspices of the Athletic Association:

EVENT.	HOLDER.	DATE.	RECORD.
100-Yards Dash, . .	Whitridge, '90, . .	'88, .	10 4-5 Sec.
220-Yards Dash, . .	W. F. Willoughby, '88, '87, .		25 Sec.
½-Mile Run,	S. B. Brown, '91, . .	'90, .	2 Min. 42 Sec.
1 Mile Run,	Whitelock, '90, . .	'88, .	5 Min. 38 Sec.
Running High Jump, .	Faber, Grad.,	'87, .	60½ In.
Standing High Jump, .	Keidel, '89,	'88, .	4 Ft. 6½ In.
Running Broad Jump, .	Coates, '87,	'87, .	17 Ft.
Standing Broad Jump, .	G. Carey, '91,	'90, .	9 Ft. 1 In.
Throwing Hammer, .	Richardson, Grad., . .	'88, .	69 Ft. 2 In.
Putting Shot,	Whitridge, '90,	'88, .	30 Ft. 3 In.
Throwing Base Ball, .	Dashiell, '87,	'88, .	357 Ft.
Throwing Lacrosse Ball, Cone, '90,		'90, .	320 Ft.

Foot Ball



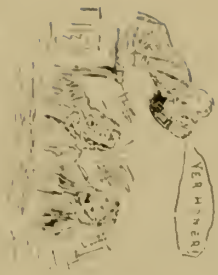
Forming a V



Time!

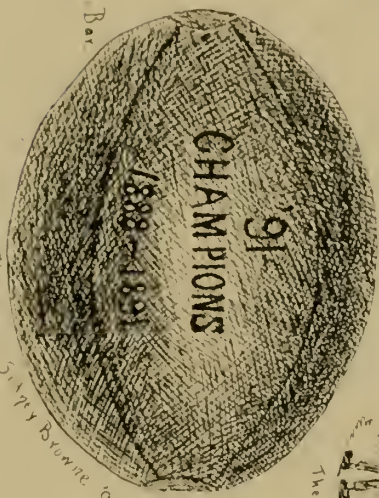


The Toll Bucks.



Tackled

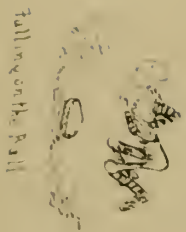
Sending the Ball just over the Goal Bar



Jimmy Browne '91



A Scrim age



Falling on the Ball



Down on your knees!



Hold!

FOOT BALL.

THE opening of the fourteenth academic year is recorded as the most notable in the life of the Johns Hopkins University. The gloom and uncertainty of the past, the changed financial status of the present, the brighter outlook for the future combined to infuse a new spirit of good cheer and enthusiasm into every department of the university. Only within foot-ball circles, was there something akin to gloom. Mournful as was the confession, it seemed quite clear that our much vaunted prospects had shrunk. Carey, Mitchell, Mustard and Hewes alone remained to tell the glories of last year's team. Prospective corks had utterly failed to materialize. The Young Loch-invar had, it is true, come out of the West, but Junior influence was at this period still unfelt, and in benighted ignorance we were wont to believe, that a foot-ball team should consist of something more than its captain.

Of the hopes, dreads and fears of the next three weeks, it would sacrilegious to here speak. The cold blooded seeker after knowledge is referred to the archives of the Athletic Association. Can we ever forget the days, in which, — — (of despair) reigned supreme within the vaulted chambers of the "Gym," when Slick mournfully sighed that Lehigh "certainly would get twins when he cancelled that Thanksgiving game," when Highness threatened to dwindle into a mere shadow of himself at the thought of undisplayed calves; and Bottle pathetically remarked that his new Jersey would be "too small by next year."

The sentiment, if not the symmetry of these pages will be preserved if the threads of our narrative be taken up on that eventful day, when with inspiration born of genius, one fertile brain suggested that the withdrawal of the Varsity team need not necessarily cause the abandonment of all foot ball interests. Why should not an interclass union take the place of an intercollegiate association, and the series of class games, which since time immemorial, had been played at the university—and won by '91—be thus arranged into a championship series! The idea once broached met with instant enthusiastic reception. Special class meetings were called, the plan discussed and foot ball committees appointed with powers extraordinary. George Carey, '91, Gustav L. Stewart, '92, and H. B. Price, '93, the respective class team managers, met in solemn deliberation and formulated that marvellous fabric of genius and toil—the constitution of the League. It provided for a series of three games, to be played on successive Saturdays of November in Oriole Park, in the order of 92 vs. 93, 91 vs. 93, 91 vs. 92. The class team winning two out of the three games was to be declared Champion of the University, to be awarded a class pennant, and each of its members to receive a miniature silver foot ball as an individual trophy. A novel, and in the light of subsequent events, a distressing paragraph provided in the event of the decisive game proving a tie, the pennant should not be awarded, as universal custom prescribes, to the champions of the preceding year, but to the winner of a special game thereafter to be played. This constitution having been posted and freely criticized, was finally ratified by the several classes, in unchanged form.

The formal ratification of the constitution inaugurated a period of active indoor training, succeeded in the natural course of events, by one of practise games with such mild organizations as the Franklins, "the High School," and class scrub teams. '92 later hitched its pigskin to

a star, scheduling a game with St. John's College, and emerging with the by no means discreditable score of 20 to 0. The Seniors soared no higher than McDonough, and when eleven weary mortals gathered that evening in the Gym, took inventory and found half of Handsome Jim's face and all of Charlie West's good temper missing, even Manager Carey murmured deep and low, and wished that Mr. McD. had died young. The Freshmen took throughout this stage no more violent exertion, than trying in friendly rivalry to see who could toss the ball the highest in the tennis court.

The eighth of November dawned an orthodox rosy dawn. "'92 weather," chuckled Calvin, and indeed if ever the sun god shone brightly upon Junior aspiration, he did that day. To the bliss of a team unscathed to a man, was added the inspiring presence of a bevy of charming hooped Auroras, who came, richly decked in blue and white, to bring fresh enthusiasm to fresher Juniors, and \$7.25 to the lonesome gate receipts. The Freshmen were on the other hand somewhat out of condition. Their "three best men" having peeped into the tennis court two days before, had beheld the mighty sons of '92 with heaving breasts disporting themselves. So, being wise men in their generation, they harkened unto the distant call of pressing engagements, and betook themselves on that memorable day, respectively unto Annapolis and Hagerstown, there to pray and fast.

Some twenty minutes having been consumed in awe-inspiring grand stand play for the edification of the fair collegians, and in obtaining a photographic "Before" for the MASSAGE TREATMENT À LA FOOT BALL display advertisement, a few minutes after half past three, George banged the tom-tom and the two teams lined up. After fifty-five minutes excruciating performance, the freshmen were solemnly borne off the field by sympathizing classmates, swollen Juniors received the

enthusiastic congratulations of fair partisans, a weak-minded rusher grown weaker under the pleading eloquence of a Southern eye, immolated his shoe—and the first game of the championship series passed into history. This is the story. Commentary and details will be found in next year's Hopkinsian.

The day after the game, the Juniors collectively ordered new hats, discussed the relative merits of oxidized and sterling silver trophies, and decided after some hesitation, that '91 men taking off their hats in saluting were to be recognized. And yet let it not be understood that the insidious malady soon to work such havoc in their ranks had appeared, or if so in anything more than in embryo! One indignant rusher distinctly stated, that the man who said his head was swollen, was, well,—unkind. Baldwin expressed the same sentiment, in even more emphatic form. "Cap" upon being asked, tied his brow in a double love-knot, gave his Detwilerian lock an added curl, and mildly besought that the question be repeated. The interrogator promised to send it by special delivery.

The Freshmen, or rather the microscopic contingent that could be persuaded on Monday morning that they really were Freshmen, united in declaring that this was a hard, cold, cruel world, and that football was a barbaric survival. The cheering influence of a general expression of earnest sympathy, the horror-stricken return of the wayward trio, the re-organization of the team, and perhaps more potent than all, the prospect of an approaching ordeal of much the same nature, combined to gradually revive them.

All this while, the very stars in their courses seemed to fight against the Seniors. In the early part of the week, Capt. Mitchell had given his ankle an awkward twist and the injured member not only refused with most illogical obstinacy to improve, but actually grew

steadily worse. No sorrier accident could possibly have happened. Aside from the loss of one of the stars of the team, his absence meant the derangement of the entire signal system, to say nothing of the confusion attending the introduction of substitutes.

But the sun moves, and the sixteenth came. And with it everything save quarters into the ticket office, and a diminution of '92's nerve. Carey took Mitchell's place in the rear, West moved back to half, and N. P. Carey filled the cavity at quarter. For '93, Smith, Keedy and Cottman took their old places at quarter, half and full.

Play had scarcely begun, before the disastrous changes in 91's team became apparent in repeated fumbles and hesitating uncertain plays. After some vigorous bucking in the middle of the field, both teams warmed up to their work. Reuhling received mild admonition, that the proper resting place for his elbow was *not* Symington's ear, while the latter laddie was politely requested to have some greater regard for Young's complexion. Two minutes later, time was called, neither side having scored. The effect of such a result upon the immature Freshmen mind can be readily conceived. They grew excited and proportionally rash; some to the extent of offering to bet even so much as twenty-five cents, that the Seniors would be unable to prevent their opponents from scoring. The little money offered was at once covered and more vainly sought.

Resumption of play witnessed a decided brace on 91's part and steady use of the centre game. The result was a series of splendid rushes by Stewart, West and Carey and eventually the virgin touchdown, from which Cook kicked an extremely difficult goal. No further score was made, in spite of hard, frantic playing on both sides.

We had won undoubtedly, but with a margin that sent a cold shiver down every Senior's back on recalling what might have been, and gave

him a positive fit of ague when he sought to anticipate what would be. The frightful malady *tumor capitis* (Biological Department obligato) now developed in ripest form among the Juniors. The coming game was regarded as purely a necessary bit of ceremonialism in which degree not kind was involved. Yes, admitted one supporter with characteristic magnanimity, there might be some doubt — "as to the score."

The game exercised a somewhat different influence upon '91. A team meeting was called by Capt. Mitchell the same evening, the prospect squarely faced, and an heroic plan of action mapped out. Monday morning, "after logic," Carey read the riot act to the assembled class, Stewart announced that by order of the powers that be, laboratory work was "off" for the remainder of the week, and Mitchell concluded by extending a cordial invitation to every body in general to come out to the park, and have a pleasant time opposing diagonal V's. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoon from three to five, saw eleven martyrs literally on their knees, manfully resisting the conscientious efforts of a score of patriotic class-mates to bore holes in them. Meanwhile the Juniors were pursuing in self-satisfied content the swollen tenor of their swollen ways. On one day they actually did go out to the park, but after one dainty creature had soiled his new jacket, the rush line agreed that conditions were unfavorable for practise work, that discretion was the better part of valor, and the best thing to be done was to "lay back," while the Seniors "broke themselves up."

The weather on the twenty-third after some hesitation, came around to that condition over which poetic foot-ball enthusiasts rave. The game had been well boomed and a large and interested crowd were present. Ninety-one won the toss, and Mitchell took the ball. The Juniors strung along the east side of the field gave a feeble Cassandra like "cry" about '92 being black and blue. A second later from the west side came

a mighty "Rah, rah, rah" from fifty Senior throats. Then Junior and Senior fairly held their breath, while in perfect silence, broken only by the dull thud of a Woman's College hair-pin falling out, '91 brought the ball out in a magnificent V-formation. "Now, fellows, on to them, we know all about V's," yelled Captain Stearns, and '92 awaiting the ordinary forward movement braces together in a cast-iron bunch. But Capt. Mitchell whispers the signal for the right diagonal, and when a second later the two lines meet, from out the confused mass of heads, legs and arms shoots West in a manner apparently accidental, but which nevertheless took two weeks hard practise to formulate. With the ball snugly tucked under his arm, he ducks Lothrop's outstretched arms and covers twenty yards before downed. The Seniors grow wild and beginning with "Hullah Bulloo," end with "We are the people." The girls say they think it's real mean, and that that West boy is perfectly horrid. The Juniors bite their finger nails, and Stovey wants his money back. '91 enthusiasm grows more intense, and '92 cheers weaken when immediately after, Charlie Stewart and George Carey aided by strong team interference successively gain ten and fifteen yards around the ends. The position is growing critical. Captain Stearns thinks of the panting surprise of a fair looker-on, mutters hard,—and the ball goes to '92 on three downs. Instantly every Junior face lights up with triumphant joy, across every Junior mind flits the image of November the Ninth. It needed no prophet now to tell that they are going to play hard centre rushing, the game which had annihilated the Freshmen, and was expected to do much of the same thing with the Seniors. Capt. Mitchell sees it too well. "Down on your knees," he shrieks, and with the Junior centre, the three heaviest men in the University, more familiarly Pomp, Pompous and Pomposity, braced for attack, it seems eminently fit for the Senior line to kneel, with uplifted eyes. But they are not holding a prayer

meeting. Rittler grinds his teeth, McDougal and Heitmuller think of the hopes, fears and trials of the last three weeks. The delirious yells of '91 spectators and Carey's anguished "O-oh hold 'em, men," thrill fibres already tense with excitement, and when '92's mighty surge comes, it beats upon a barrier that shakes not. "Second down and five yards to gain," cries Riggs. Capt. Stearns's eyes bulge far out, and Mr. Jump looks surprised. Swiftly the lines are again formed, the ball is accurately snapped, and again comes the terrific onslaught. A moment of hesitation and then Rigg's decisive "Third down and five yards to gain" tells the joyous story that our hopes are builded upon a rock. The Juniors pick themselves together, draw apart for a moment in response to stern command, and then line up, each man's face showing Titanic determination and perspiration. A third time the ball travels, and a third time comes the charge, with even greater impetus. The line wavers, totters, and seems ready to break. Mitchell forgets all about the ankle that is paining so keenly, thinks only of the insolence of office, and throws himself into the gap with a violence that carries the day. No time for yelling now! A moment's pause for Rittler to gasp in some ozone, and to wipe the cold drops from his hot brow, and then the message of "Hot Sausages" sends Painter and West around the left for ten. Stewart gets his call around the other end for fifteen, an agonizing struggle follows over the line and then with a frenzied spring that would have made Samson turn Nile-green, Carey actually blasts his way through for a touchdown. It is all done so quickly, the suspense has been so great, that it takes some seconds for the Seniors to fully realize what has happened. But when light breaks in, the very heavens are rent with frantic, ecstatic yells. "Mi Lord" who is doing the M. P. act with club accompaniment is swept aside, and a horde of raving delirious madmen rush out on the sod, carry Captain Jim up and down

the field, hug Rittler and West, wring Carey's hand, clap everyone on the back and then—do it all over again. Of course, it is all very foolish, and '92 is perfectly justified in terming it "baby play." But then there are irrational periods in every man's life, and perhaps none with greater justification than this, for Carey's touch down not only meant that we had drawn first blood, that the history of the ninth was not going to be repeated, but it told that our rush line was impregnable, that bucking was of no avail, that '92 had been scooped on their trump card, and that saving some unforeseen accident, chances for keeping the score as it was, were very good. Well, the unforeseen accident, in the shape of a strain to Rittler's shoulder *did* come, and the score was at the very last minute in the second half tied, but then—what ungrateful spirit dared complain! We had not played half as much to win as to keep '92 from winning, and we certainly had succeeded here.

The next three weeks were spent in the most heated controversy that has ever agitated Johns Hopkins athletic circles. The Seniors claimed the championship, because neither class had defeated them. The Juniors without denying the justice of this argument, blandly pointed to the erratic provision of the constitution, requiring that all tie games be played over again—and politely desired to know what day would suit. With Rittler's shoulder strained, Mitchell's ankle sore, and Brown's foot in bandages, it is hardly surprising that no time before the Xmas holidays did suit us. Nor despite all protestations, was the delay at all unwelcome to the Juniors, who still had "that tired feeling."

From the delight and dissipation of the Christsmas recess, both teams, returned anxious to bring the long drawn out struggle to its close. Dean Griffin having courteously postponed a promised examination, and the spirit moving Carey and Stewart to agreement, Saturday,

Jan. 12, found twenty-four men mustered at Oriole Park, resolute unto death. The Juniors —

But it is, unfortunately, time to remember that this sketch has far outgrown the generous limits originally assigned it. And indeed, what need of describing that final trial. Is there a man who will not, for all time remember, better even than he will Mr. Fowler's Logic every feature of "the great game,"—how our superiority was manifest from the very beginning, how irresistible our diagonals, the magnificent centre-work of Rittler, Heitmuller, McDougall and Painter, the dogged blocking of Symington and Brown, the desperate tackling of Cooke! Will we ever forget Charlie Stewart's great run, or Mitchell's cool masterly captaining, how West played like possessed, and how Carey was, well, everywhere and everything! Will the recollection ever fade of "the orgies that followed!" Perhaps it may, but if Dr. Venn is right, chances are unfavorable.

The story has been told! How inadequately no one better than the writer can appreciate. If a bias has appeared, let the reader remember that "all men are mortal," that never while enthusiasm and pride sway thought and action, will a Senior think much less write of the events herein chronicled, without every fibre of his frame thrilling, at the thought of how "we fought and won." A closer firmer fraternity, a lasting bond of union, and not fourteen 3-ounce silver foot balls are the enduring results of 1890 Foot ball at the Johns Hopkins University.





'91 FOOT BALL TEAM.

CHAMPIONS '88-'91.

Captain, J. F. Mitchell.

Manager, George Carey.

W. F. Rittler, *centre*

H. W. Cook, *left end*.

W. S. Symington, Jr., *right end*.

S. B. Brown, *left tackle*.

C. F. Painter, *right tackle*.

A. W. McDougall, *left guard*.

G. H. Heitmuller, *right guard*.

C. J. West, *quarter back*.

J. F. Mitchell, *right half*.

C. M. Stewart, Jr., *left half*.

George Carey; *full back*.

SUBSTITUTES :

S. K. Smith,

H. P. Carey,

C. G. Baldwin.

GAMES :

'91 vs. '93,	6-0
'91 vs. '92,	4-4
'91 vs. '92,	8-0

A FOOT BALL LYRIC.

I.

Half a yard ! Half a yard !
Half a yard onward !
“We need but ten inches more
“To score with the ball.
“Then do, as we’ve done before !
“Play rushing for inches more !
“Now, forward ! for gain or gore !
Cried Captain Stearns.

II.

Swift came the order bold,
In Jimmy’s voice harsh and cold,
Knowing the future.
“Down ! On your knees, O men !
“Kneel, tackle ! block again,
“Interfere every man, when
They rush for their gain.

III.

Was there a rusher stayed !
Was there a man dismayed !
No ! Though each fellow feared
Jimmy had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply.
Theirs not to reason why.
Theirs but to block—and die.
Heroic eleven !

IV.

Juniors to right of them,
Juniors to left of them,
Juniors in front them,
 Fighting and shouting.
Charging with all their force,
Howling and yelling hoarse,
Tackling without remorse.
 Frantic eleven !

V.

Ninety-One, blocking low,
Ninety-One, bringing woe,
Ninety One, we all know how,
 Stood bravely their ground.
Tackled, and not for fun,
Thrown down and sat upon,
Left—with their Jerseys on.
 The *other* eleven.

VI.

Heart broken Ninety-two,
Sore distraught Ninety-two,
Suffering Ninety-two,
 Prone on the ground.
Dazed by their mighty fall,
Wondering whence came it all,
This, to them, closest call
 Bruised eleven !

VII.

Slowly from earth they rise,
Heavenward cast their eyes,
Breathing out mournful sighs.
 One of them weeps !

Clearly each man descried
Sans rushing their chances died,
Yet “bucking” were vainly tried !
With “Down on your knees.”

VIII.

When can our glory fade
Oh, the hard rush we stayed,
All the park wondered !
Think of the pounds they weighed !
Think of the block we made !
Champion eleven.





LACROSSE HISTORY.

LAST year Lacrosse at the University entered upon a new era in its existence. At the convention of the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association, our team was elected to fill the place made vacant by Harvard's retirement, and a close, exciting contest for the Intercollegiate Championship was the result. Although the Hopkins team was the best ever sent out from the University, it failed to realize the somewhat sanguine expectations of the students. And this for three reasons: First, of course, was the careful and long-continued abstinence from training and practice, which has become proverbial in Hopkins Athletics. Next, and we blush to own it, the team had what is vulgarly known as a swell head, and this, together with the fine training of the Lehigh men, lost the first game. And then the umpire. At Bethlehem this much-abused mortal had only his Hopkins eye open for fouls, and we are bound to admit that our brethren from the Holy City were not slow to take advantage of this infirmity. At Princeton the play was fast and sharp, but again the misguided umpire was all-too-easily convinced that a goal made with one post down was no goal at all—and the day was lost.

Many anxious inquiries were made of the depressed members of the team as to the prospects of the game with Stevens' Institute. Most of them were too tired to talk, but a few of the knowing ones succeeded in converting the ideas of the doubtful into currency at 1-5. When Stevens made the first goal, a deep sigh went up from the already heavily laden hearts of the Lacrosse interest on the bleachers; but the

pretty stick work and fine team play of the home team soon proved the pace too fast for the boys from Hoboken, and the remainder of the game was but a successful effort to run up a higher score than either Lehigh or Princeton had made against them. Score, 13-1.

Although the retirement of Princeton has weakened the Association circuit, the strong rivalry between the Hopkins and Lehigh teams—each of which has downed the other once—will make an exciting contest this year. The home team has lost four of its very best players, but there is no lack of new material, and if last season's dearly bought experience will make the men train, there is good reason to hope that the departing class of '91 will leave at least one Intercollegiate Championship pennant hanging in the "Gym."





LACROSSE TEAM.

1890

Captain, B. M. Roszel, '89.

Manager, T. M. Brown, '91.

COMMITTEE:

B. M. Roszel, '89.

B. B. Lanier, '90.

T. D. Penniman, '91.

TEAM:

Cone, '90	Goal.	Friedenwald, '90	Centre.
Penniman, '91	Point.	Roszel, '89	3rd Attack.
Watts, '90	Cover Point.	Symington, '90	2nd Attack.
Brown, T. M., '91	1st Defense.	Lanier, '90	1st Attack.
Briggs, '91	2nd Defense.	Symington, '91	Out Home.
Stewart, '91	3rd Defense.	Morrison, '90	In Home.

SUBSTITUTES:

R. W. Baldwin, Jr., '92 and F. K. Cameron, '91.

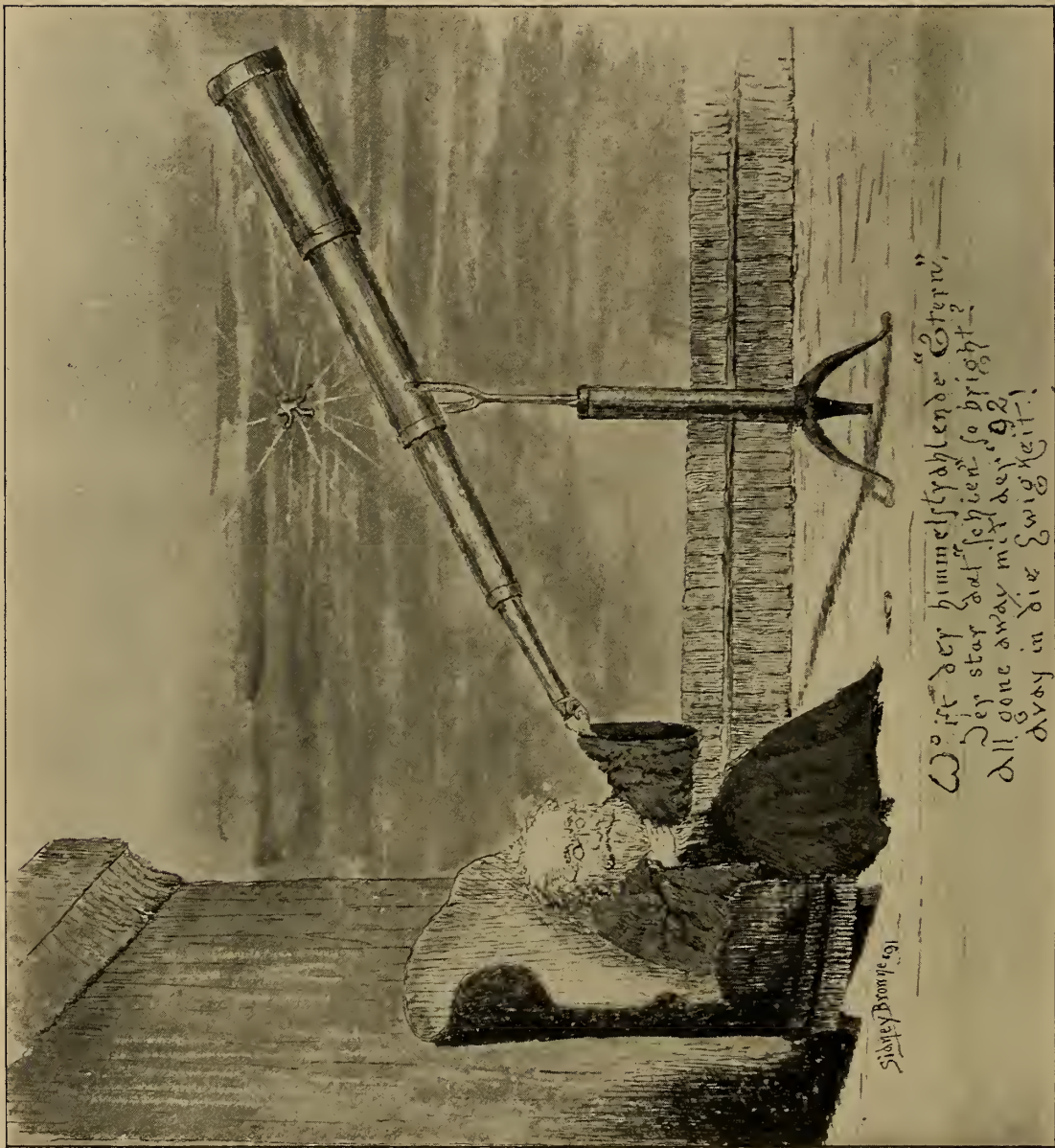
GAMES:

Hopkins vs. University of Pennsylvania, 10-0.

Hopkins vs. Lehigh, 2-3.

Hopkins vs. Princeton, 2-3.

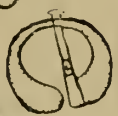
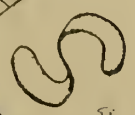
Hopkins vs. Stevens' Institute 13-1.



Silvestre Broussé '91

Wie der himmelsglühende Stern,
Der star hat'schein so bright?
All gone away mit der Zeit,
dray in die Ewigkeit!

Mr. Umpire.



"He knows"

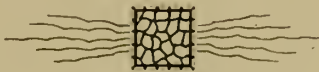


BASE BALL.

THE base-ball season of 1890 was characterized by but few incidents worthy of particular mention. From the Johns Hopkins Athletic Association standpoint, it was a financial success, which means that the management tottered on the brink, but did not quite fall into the hole. Socially it was a success, too, if we may use that word to denote much rare sport on the various trips out of town. But artistically we can hardly be said to have achieved a glorious reputation—13 to 0 has a delightful appearance when J. H. U. stands before the 13, otherwise these figures seem entirely unsymmetrical.

Great enthusiasm was evinced in the early spring by every wielder, yea by e'en every would be wielder, of the bat and every "prospect was pleasing." And as usual "only man was vile." Hard practice, good hours, and no smoking enabled us to demolish the Franklins with ease and to defeat Lehigh in an exciting game and by a close score. Then away we went to Philadelphia in high spirits, but returned much less elated. Hard luck lost us the next two games to the Franklins and Lafayettes respectively. Towson fell an easy victim, and Columbia Athletic Club defeated us, glory be to a hard-hearted umpire and a howling mob. Our second battle with the University of Pennsylvania was interesting in the extreme and remarkably well played on both sides, though unfortunately we lost in the ninth inning. After this we wreaked our vengeance on the luckless Pastimes to the tune of 13 to 4. And so on through the remainder of the season with varying victory and defeat and always plenty of fun.

The tug party to Annapolis was crowned with complete success, thanks to the untiring energy and tact of its fair manager. Even old Mormon Mac admitted he had had a "bully time and plenty of grub." Of course we won the game and the cadets' money. The following Saturday we betook ourselves to Westminster, land of hayseeds and rapid young ladies. There, having first dined sumptuously on goat's flesh and prunes, flavored with an occasional glance at the feminine side of the room, we went out and slew the country gentlemen with a right good will. But our trip to Lehigh, though we lost the game, was the red letter day of the season. Ten men and a phantom substitute bat hustler, one Covey, left town for Lehigh, and right royally did we live at their expense during two days and a night. We feasted "on" them at Green's in Philadelphia and stinted not. We caused the hotel proprietor at Bethlehem to turn pale and hung it up on the Lehigh management. This trip will be remembered for another and a sadder reason too. It was dear old Jack Herty's last game with us. This wound up the season and I am inclined to think every man was glad of it.





1906
Baseball Team
L. J. Smith
Manager

BASE BALL ROLL.

J. E. Bryan (<i>Captain</i>), c.	C. H. Herty (<i>Manager</i>), c. f.
W. Griffiss, 3b.	G. C. Morrison, 2b.
W. W. Willoughby, 1b.	[G. Field, p.]
A. Middleton, p.	D. D. Guy, l. f.
G. Carey, r. f.	A. D. Atkinson, sub.
J. E. Davis, s. s.	[C. R. McKay, 1b.]

RECORD OF THE PLAYERS.

	Fielding Av'ge.	Batting Av'ge.	No. Games.	Runs.	First Base Hits.	Sac'fice Hits.	Stolen Bases
W. Griffiss, 3b837	.300	13	15	15	0	16
G. Field, sub.852	.276	8	9	8	1	2
J. E. Bryan, c.939	.260	14	15	13	2	13
A. Middleton, p. . .	.968	.240	6	3	6	2	7
C. H. Herty, c.f. . .	.773	.231	11	11	9	0	11
Davis, ss.771	.223	14	12	14	1	5
W. W. Willoughby, 1b.	.919	.208	12	10	11	3	12
G. Carey, r.f.727	.204	12	14	10	2	10
D. D. Guy, l.f.937	.183	14	10	10	4	7
G. C. Morrison, 2b .	.921	.050	6	3	1	1	1
A. D. Atkinson, sub.	.621	.047	6	4	1	1	3
C. R. McKay, 1b . .	.909	.000	5	1	0	2	1

GAMES PLAYED.

Franklin, 11-3.	Towson (?), 13-3.	Pastimes, 3-12.
Lehigh, 10-7.	C. A. Club, 5-11.	Naval Acad., 10-4.
Univ. of Penn., 12-32.	Univ. of Penn., 5-7.	Dickinson, 5-4.
Franklins, 2-4.	Pastimes, 13-4.	W. Md. College, 6-4.
Lafayette, 15-26.	Univ. of Va., 1-7.	Lehigh, 0-13.
	Univ. of Va., 0-11.	
	Won, 7. Lost, 9.	

LAWN TENNIS.

WHEN the freshman's nerves have quieted down somewhat from the ordeal of the entrance examinations, he is very apt to take a look about him and explore the unknown regions which are to be the scene of his college life for the next three years. Especially to be investigated is that district of Uncle Dan's domain which is bounded on the East by Howard Street and on the West by the Gymnasium. After passing through two dressing rooms and turning abruptly to the north, our imaginary freshman (strange it is that in two months this same freshman will imagine himself a Senior!) finds himself in the aforesaid unexplored country. This is the tennis court. It is built of brick and enclosed on three sides by the walls of buildings, thus presenting to the freshman a rather barren appearance, the only green thing to be seen being the verdure which he brings himself. Unluckily this plant is of a sickly growth, and the foliage soon turns from a bright green to a yellow-green, not nearly so pleasing to the eye.

This is the inner sanctuary into which Professors and strangers rarely venture. It is the general rendezvous of those students who like to refresh themselves with a new song or joke between the acts of that ever-popular "tragi-comedy," entitled, *Fooling the Faculty; or, The Pursuit of the Elusive Sheepskin*, which has passed its two thousand three hundred and eighty-seventh representation, and is being produced five times a week at the Old Stand without showing any signs of waning popularity.

The brick court has several other advantages over a lawn court. Sm-th; of '91, has been known to hit a ball with sufficient force to drive

a six penny nail in the brick wall of the gymnasium, which could never have happened on a lawn court. On another occasion H-v-z of '93 fell down. The court, being of brick, was not injured.

Last autumn this court was the scene of a handicapped tennis tournament, which ended very satisfactorily for '91 men in a victory of a member of their class. Thirty-eight players of divers degrees of proficiency entered, arranged in seven classes. It may be well to mention that two-thirds of all those in the highest class, one-half of those in the next, and *all* those in the third class were men of the glorious class which edits this book. As the tournament progressed, one contestant after another met his match, until two only were left to play the final round. Both were in the first class, one a '91 man and the other a Junior. The match was played on a Saturday morning before a good-sized crowd of tennis enthusiasts. As one or the other made a fine play, their class sympathizers would encourage them with their class yells. Agelasto, the Senior, won the first two sets, though not without some difficulty. Atkinson the third. After the beginning of the fourth it was evident that the Senior would win in spite of the fine up-hill playing of his adversary, who had won the handicapped tournament of the year before. Naturally the winner's class-mates were jubilant.

In spite of the fact that so many good players of this popular game leave the University with the Class of Ninety-one, there is great hope that the succeeding classes will develop tennis sharps in as great, if not greater, numbers. Still there is great need of practice. Another court in town would be an especially acceptable present from the trustees. Increased facilities for practice would result in better play, and in the spread of the fame of the J. H. U.

JOHNS HOPKINS BRANCH OF THE SOUTHERN TENNIS LEAGUE.

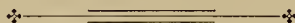
COMMITTEE.

W. Stuart Symington, Jr., '91, (chairman). Sidney Hand Browne, '91.
A. D. Atkinson, '92.

WINNER AT FALL TOURNAMENT.

"And shall a heathen Greek, a cannibal,
Carry off the prize thus?"

M. A. Agelasto, '91, First Prize.



'92 TUG OF WAR TEAM.

H. J. Jewett, Jr.,

Manager.

J. E. Hewes, *Anchor.*

E. P. Lothrop, *No. 3.*

J. S. Stearns, *No. 2.*

G. E. Cox, *No. 1.*

'92 vs. '90, won by 14 inches.

'92 vs. 'Varsity, won by 3 ½ inches.

CHARLES THE GRÉT.

Great Charlemagne,
The Sovereign,
The head of the Western Empire, deigned
To care for his people's condition,—
Erected schools, established rules,
By which all children, who were not fools
Could cultivate erudition.

The subject prime
Of this little rhyme
Is not the Charlemagne of that time,
But one of a later existence ;
Who on moral depravity used to preach,—
Not one who subsisted that he might teach,
But one who taught for subsistence.

In a chair of state
This ruler sate,
And woe to the pupil who might be late,
As he daily expounded his learning.
His aspirations, 'tis true, were grand,
While his restless eye and trembling hand
Bespoke the strength of his yearning.
We received from him
Instruction in
All matter of dates, and everything,
Which was sure to yield the least profit.

His greatest penchant was "charity,"
Which he practised *outside* the 'Varsity,
While *inside* he forgot all about it.

Did we ask for advice
Upon Gibbon or Bryce,
With courage determined at any price,
To appeal from the Chair's decision,
Our righteous endeavors he'd calmly mock,
And recur to the "Sheppard" of our flock
With most noteworthy precision.

"Why Doctor," we gasped,
"You've completely passed
Right over the question we humbly asked ;
'Tis advice of importance we're seeking."
"OUR AUTHOR, gentlemen," he said,
"Is the greatest Author-ity, living or dead,
On the subject of which you're speaking."

* * * * *

Our instructor dear,
With joy we hear,
To a higher state in another sphere
Has lately been translated.
His new found pupils our pity share,
While we trust that his genius has led him where
He *may* be appreciated.



TRAMP CLUB.



URING the present eventful year the club has acquired a club-house, a yell, and a chestnut. The first named was the gift of Mr. C. G. Baldwin, the second the contribution of "Whiskers," and the third was picked up in the highway—of the Gymnasium. All are duly appreciated. In truth, so much has the club been absorbed in admiring and contemplating its recent acquisitions that it has almost forgotten all about tramping.

No one of the present members has ventured to put on the seven league boots of Hilles, which are now kept in the club-house cupboard. Instead of climbing the slippery Alps with Oxonian divines and carving H. T. C. on the peaks of Jungfrau, we are now content to wander along Jones' Falls and by trying which yell goes best, to make night hideous to the denizens of Govanstown, Towson, Catonsville and the other adjacent villages.

The club in its desire to have a member of the '92 foot-ball team, who could not walk thirty miles, reduced the initiation requirement to twenty. Up to date no member of '93 has been able to cover even the last named distance.

MILEAGE SINCE LAST REPORTED :

Zeigler, 657 $\frac{3}{4}$.	Shriver, 305.	White, 163 $\frac{1}{2}$.
Galloway, 400 $\frac{3}{4}$.	Brown, 204.	Gerry, 122 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Much walking has been done which under the strict provisions of the Constitution could not be recorded.

HOPKINS TRAMP CLUB.

CLUB YELL.

HOPKINS TRAMP CLUB! HOO RAH HOO!
ENOCH! ENOCH! J. H. U.!

OFFICERS.

<i>President,</i>	WILLIAM FRANCIS GALLOWAY.
<i>Secretary,</i>	ALFRED JENKINS SHRIVER.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	{ CHARLES GAMBRILL BALDWIN.
	{ EDWARD LUCAS WHITE.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

C. G. Baldwin, '91.	C. R. McKay, '92.
E. G. Breithaupt, grad.	C. W. Mixter, '92.
F. E. Brown, grad.	J. F. Norris, '92.
W. C. Chesnut, '92.	W. P. Pope, '92.
W. F. Galloway, '91.	A. J. Shriver, '91.
J. P. Gerry, '90.	H. Ullmann, '89.
H. H. Glassie, '92.	E. L. White, '88.
R. G. Harrison, '89.	C. F. Woods, '91.
W. S. Hilles, '89.	J. W. Woodward, '92.
R. Hunt, '91.	J. H. Wright, '90.
G. C. Lefevre, '91.	O. W. Zeigler, '90.

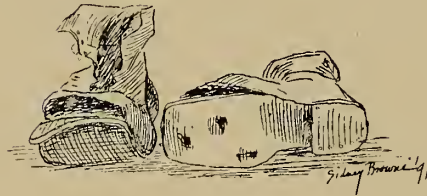
HONORARY MEMBERS.

S. M. Cone, '90.	J. W. Lazear, '89.
R. E. Edes, '89.	A. Mann, '89.
A. B. Faust, '89.	C. C. Marden, '89.
D. D. Guy, '90.	J. Zug, '90.
J. E. Harry, '86.	M. Milliken, '89.
C. K. King, '89.	B. M. Roszel, '89.
G. C. Henschen, '89.	G. S. Swiggett, grad.
H. A. Warren.	

ENOCH.

Five years ago was organized
The by no-means to be despised,
Johns Hopkins Tramp Club, and the men,
Adding ten miles to ten and ten,
Although they were not feeling faint
Said they must have a patron saint
At thought of whom they might take cheer
On all long walks of every year.
So therefore someone started in,
Set himself at it to begin
To read the Bible through to find
A worthy suited to his mind.
He thought it was a fearful task,
But found it all that he could ask,
For when he had but just begun
He found his man, the very one,
In Genesis, and so will you
In chapter five, verse twenty-two.
For Enoch, so it there appears,
Walked with the Lord three hundred years :
And all those years through thin and thick
Would make a six days match look sick,
And constitute a tramping feat,
Even Billy Hilles couldn't beat.

And Enoch never once was sad—
Think of the company he had !
Why never Emperor or prince
Has been so highly honored since.
So it was voted on the spot
Enoch for Patron Saint they've got.
And if you doubt this that I tell,
Wait till sometime you hear their yell.



FENCING CLUB.

Founded October, 1889.

OFFICERS :

<i>President,</i>	GUSTAV L. STEWART.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	LOUIS E. MUÑOZ DEL MONTE.
<i>Manager,</i>	CHARLES WM. JOHNSON.
<i>Secretary,</i>	J. ELLICOTT HEWES.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	THEODORE W. JOHNSON.
<i>Maitre d'Armes,</i>	FREDERICK C. HOWE.

ACTIVE MEMBERS :

J. E. Hewes,	F. C. Howe,	C. W. Johnson,
T. W. Johnson,	L. E. Muñoz del Monte,	G. L. Stewart.

UNIVERSITY CYCLE CLUB.

“ To encourage the sport of cycling and to further the interests of all wheelmen connected with the Johns Hopkins University.”

OFFICERS :

<i>Captain,</i>	DR. JOHN M. VINCENT.
<i>Lieutenant,</i>	THEODORE HOUGH.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	JACOB H. HOLLANDER.



W. GRIFFISS, *Leader.*

G. C. MORRISON, *Bus. Mangr.* T. MORRIS BROWN, *Asst. Bus. Mangr.*

MILES FARROW, *Accompanist.*

FIRST TENORS.

W. Griffiss,
L. E. Menger,
J. Stewart, Jr.

SECOND TENORS.

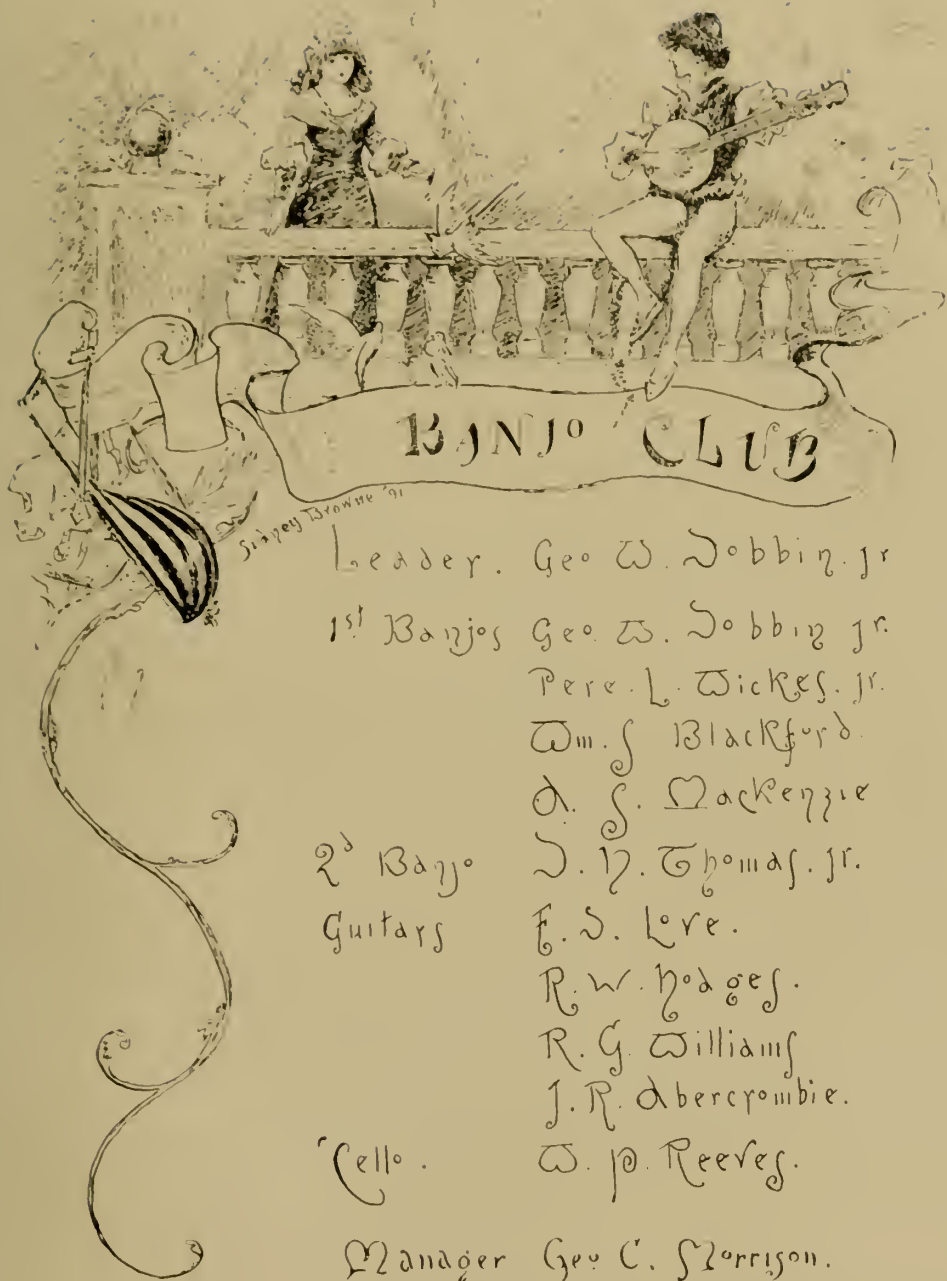
E. P. Manning,
J. E. Hewes,
J. G. Ames, Jr.,
A. Ahrens,
G. Carey.

FIRST BASS.

C. R. McKay,
E. L. Turnbull,
J. B. Whitehead,
C. W. Woods Jr.

SECOND BASS.

N. P. Carey,
E. P. Lothrop,
R. Barton, Jr.,
G. C. Morrison.



BANJO CLUB

Leader. Geo W. Dobbin, Jr

1st Banjos Geo. W. Dobbin, Jr

Pere. L. Wickes, Jr.

Wm. J. Blackford.

A. J. Mackenzie

2^d Banjo D. H. Thomas, Jr.

Guitars F. S. Love.

R. W. Hodges.

R. G. Williams

J. R. Abercrombie.

Cello. W. P. Reeves.

Manager Geo C. Morrison.

Asst Manager T. Morris Bromly

THE CHRISTMAS TRIP.

WE were a fine looking set of young gentlemen, it was said, who left Baltimore on Monday, December 29th, 1890, at 1.05 P. M., for old Frederick. We were gentlemanly enough, that is true, and some of us were no doubt fine looking; but for men who have grimly decided to win popular favor and dollars by a show of musical ability, fine looks and drawing-room manners do not avail much on the stage. We reached Frederick with no other mishap than the premature explosion of our best stories, the fine morning and the novelty of good fellowship having set off many a tale that had best been saved for a later day.

Many of us felt strangely at home in Frederick. We had been there before. We are glad Max O'Rell did not take Frederick's hotels as types of American hostelries; indeed we believe Max is better for having never been at Frederick, at least under circumstances such as ours. His ideas of American energy might have suffered change, for in spite of her electric cars and luxurious cafés, Frederick has a mild flavor of the effete past that fills the mind with pictures of what has been and sets the visitor a-hungering for a volume of Volney.

We were a trifle nervous at appearing before a Frederick audience, not knowing whether the good folk had happily forgotten us, or whether they might drop in and settle up matters from last year. They were very kind, however, and pretended to forget, permitting us to go through with the entire program and return to our hotel. One would have thought the audience was enjoying an old Frederick sleep. Many of us cared to stay in the town with our romantic dreams of the past. It was

here, too, that we first impressed the natives by the solemnity of our morning, evening and prandial services. Our old Gregorian chants were joined to many a quaint device of words. Sometimes Latin, oftener polyglot, as the whimsical brain of the Pope might suggest.

Stern activity now impelled us to Hagerstown. Hagerstown! thy name is not euphonious, but thy dearest dwellers are none the less fair. What body "of fine looking young gentlemen" would not make good music, with such inspiration as we received from the left and the right and the front? There was a more sympathetic union between us and the audience than at Frederick. After a very successful concert we were each made comfortable in one way or another, and the audience changed into many a good friend. What spirit, oh Hagerstown, whispered to thy girls the delicious secrets of entertaining! My musical brothers, let us raise high the glass and drink to the universality of that spirit.

But we had to push on. We could not all leave umbrellas behind, and Chambersburg, with her presiding goddess of the Y. M. C. A., had to be appeased. We regret that Chambersburg is known superficially to the most of us. We did our best to find the oldest inhabitant and the tax-rate, but our search was in vain. As students of the J. H. U. we occupied ourselves only with economic considerations. The social topic that came under our notice was a phase of the drink traffic and its consequences. We found the grog shops and gin houses to be of a very low class, and it is with a sense of truthful prophecy that we predict few of Chambersburg's younger quality will ever be victims of these debased places. We should be glad to give statistics of attendance upon our concert here and elsewhere, but we recognize the fact that this paper will not be used for scientific induction, and we leave the data in the possession of our genial manager—managers are always genial, by the way. We had two of them and as they are both athletic men we cannot give

partial prominence to either. Mr. Brown, Mr. T. Morris Brown, Mr. T. M. Brown, or simply T. B., was our advance agent; the papers say he advanced in a manner at once becoming his natural dignity and our prominence. Mr. Slick Morrison, the man with the bag, had charge of the financial division, and sometimes, nay often, acted as advance agent for some of us. It is with a welling of the heart that we would pause to dwell upon Mr. Morrison's abilities, but we must on to Carlisle.

How well "Carlisle" would fit into the tender "thump, thump" of the sonnet, but it is

"Not verse now, only prose."

But our memories are anything but prosaic. What gay and hospitable inn ever shone from its windows with a kindlier light than the one welcoming us, tired and belated? And thy snug little rooms, oh! inn, meant for one and welcoming five of us, and the white frosty counterpanes upon the sleep-inviting beds, and the ugly little stoves, that tried to draw well, but from long disuse, had forgotten how. What polished floor ever reflected fairer girls (if they were young and few), than did that of the Opera House? What weird phantasy of sound ever haunted the mind of genius more certainly than that Opera House piano, without pedals?

On January second we left Carlisle for Lancaster, *via* Harrisburg. The ride was one of keen enjoyment, especially at the latter place. Here W—ms laughed, and various other formalities were observed. We were gratified with the urbane atmosphere and the civilization, so different from that of Chambersburg and the town with the big Jail. We arrived at Lancaster in time for dinner. Now we are not paid for mentioning the Stevens House; we do it from the fullness of our heart. The Pope, the Colonel, the Cardinal, the Gentleman of Domestic (cotton) Manufacture, all agreed that our dinner at the Stevens House was not unlike what they had been used to. It was with a most comfortable

feeling that we sallied forth for an introduction to Lancaster. Here we found more traces of urban civilization. Some parts of the town indeed suggested old Frederick ; others well represented the best of an energetic northern city, and in the dwelling portion, our hearts went faster by 10½ beats to the minute, and we were reminded of apparitions seen on Charles street in Baltimore. When we went back to the hotel some of the men were found in a strange condition. There were but few of them in the logic class, fewer indeed who knew anything about logic, yet the rooms and halls resounded with the vowels of that soulful hexameter "Barbara(m) eelarent damuii! ferioque prioris." We asked the reason for such an unusual burst of scholastic interest and got this esoteric explanation :

"A *Bottle*, which had long been quiet and peacefully inclined, once saw a comely *Creature* flitting about the *Halls* and *Rooms* of an old *Tavern*, where the *Bottle* had been left by his *Friends*. "By my Cork," said the *Bottle*, "what profiteth it me, thus to rest and gather *Dust* and *Flies*, when I might also flit about, nay maybe with the *Creature* of such very passing *Beauty*." Directly the *Bottle* took such *Wings* as he could, and leaving his usual and quiet *Place*, flitted in the *Direction* taken by the comely *Creature* : who, when she had peered upon the unusual *Spectacle* of the *Bottle* in the novel *Character* of *Flutter*, bade him do his best to catch her, whereat the *Bottle*, nothing loth, made *Trial* of his newly acquired *Wings*, but alas! only managed to keep in hearing of a saucy *Laugh*, with which the comely *Creature* led him after."

We marvelled at the fabulous explanation, and congratulated each other that there were no victims of the Bottle, as we had at first feared.

We appreciated Lancaster most after the concert. We were again cared for as at Hagerstown, in a way becoming gentlemen rather than

We were given a reception, saw the belles of the town and were received most kindly by them. Each man had his own thoughts that night, we are told, and at this late date, re-thinks them with pleasure.

We forsook happiness and kind faces the next day for a place called Pottstown. Here we again became 25 professional artists, and with one or two exceptions, were treated accordingly. We had a good house at Pottstown, but we soon felt that the place did not yearn for us. The principal pleasure we enjoyed while there was walking; with no eyes for girls or the enticing shop-windows or the reserved and self-satisfied homes of the rich. No, we simply walked up and down the street in much the same mood in which we tug weights in the gymnasium. We felt it to be our duty.

We got up at 5.30 A. M., on Sunday, the following day, and even in the rosy light of dawn we saw nothing beautiful in Pottstown except the prospect of soon leaving it for Philadelphia and Home, which we now spelled with cap's. We reached Philadelphia in time for church, and sent our cards to the principal papers. Judging by the commotion caused by our appearance with Banjos, Guitars and Big Fiddle or the "Daughter of the Regiment," the quiet town of Philadelphia has not often harbored such clubs on First Day. It is a moral town, and, we have read, the Sunday law is strictly observed.

We came down to Baltimore by the Royal Blue Line, and remarked the appetizing delay at Locust Point. An hour later we pointed a Sunday dinner, with tales of the trip and many a sigh of relief when we remembered the late hotels.

What each man said we should like to know. Cupid no doubt had many an errant tale of how he "found the way." Such minstrels as W—ds, Jr. B—t—n probably gave a dignified account of what the rest did. Gr—ff—s (referentially known as "Lauchy") and N. P—e C—

told what the other did. H—w—s did not talk in logical hexameters. The two Mac's were late for dinner, and quarrelled at their chapter house for the possession of the olive jug and a half bottle of beer. A——s shocked his family into a faint by lighting up a "Great Gun" cigar after dinner, displaying certain trophies the while. Cr—h—re who left us at Pottstown, was happily unconscious of how much walking we did there. Ab—er—bie, who had walked up from the station, did not say much but felt thankful. P. L. W—ckes, Jr., got out his photograph case and filled the empty spaces. B—k—r received congratulations with an easy grace, and gave an affecting account of singing with the Piano at Carlisle. W—ll—ms only laughed when asked about the trip. Sm—th's mind ran on "Last Night" (by Kjerulf) in the words of the song

"Oh!! think not I can forget you,
I could not if I would"(!)

M—ng—r got ready for church. D—bb—n thought about the next rehearsal. The Colonel had business at home ; the Pope ordered a bottle of "Lacrimæ Christi" and prepared himself for osculation on the part of the mob ; the Cardinal did not attend vespers, but remained closeted with recollections and kodak films. Our managers took a nap, but the man with the bag did not rest well. He had dreams ; of curious letters and figures—he could make out d—e—f—i—c— and then all would be hotel registers and guarantee receipts. The modest representative of impecunious nobility took counsel with a good cigar (a present), and in reviewing the trip, saw underneath the surface of frivolity, a wider knowledge of things and of men ; friendships new and the old strengthened ; memories tinted and with winged fancies gracefully settling into the reality of the Past.



OFFICERS :

<i>Speaker of the House,</i>	.	.	.	VERNON COOK.
<i>Clerk,</i>	.	.	.	CALVIN W. CHESNUT.
<i>Serjcant-at-Arms,</i>	.	.	.	THOMAS D. PENNIMAN.
<i>Prime Minister,</i>	.	.	.	CHARLES G. BALDWIN.
<i>Home Secretary,</i>	.	.	.	JACOB H. HOLLANDER.
<i>Foreign Secretary,</i>	.	.	.	JOHN H. LATANÉ.

HOPKINS HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IN the early part of last February Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the founder of the House, met a number of its former members by appointment, and delivered a stirring address upon the advantages to be derived from connection with a debating society of this kind. Much enthusiasm was manifested and still better, earnest intention to restore the House, if not to pristine glory, at least to strong, healthy life. The society formally reconvened on February 24, elected some twenty new members, and chose Mr. Vernon Cook, Speaker of the House. Mr. Cook appointed minor officers and Cabinet as above. On March 3, the ministry introduced its first Bill.

Repeated experience has demonstrated that a debating society once entered into manifest decline, can rarely, if ever, be revived into more than brief struggling existence. It has generally outlived its usefulness, and every attempt to supply a want no longer felt proves futile. The decadence of the Johns Hopkins House of Commons could clearly not be so explained. Its utility was perhaps never so keenly appreciated, as at the very period of indefinite adjournment. An unfortunate change in the character of debate, followed by a gradual diminution of undergraduate interest were the causes—as far as it is possible at this late day to distinguish them—that produced the adjournment of the House *sine die* some eighteen months ago.

At the present time of writing, the actual condition and future outlook of the House are most encouraging. Membership is large and varied. Every department and every rank of the University is represented. Debate is sharp and earnest. That these conditions may continue, is devoutly to be wished.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

“Exams” had long been over,
That time of awful fear,
When Tommy placed a notice :—
“Mr. Moulton will be here.”

“Four lectures will he give us
On Milton’s magic art,”
And at the end a post-script
Which moved the public heart.

“All persons are invited,
“Who in this subject see
“Material for culture, and
“Admission will be free.

O! joy to all the females,
Who usually find
At Peabody alone, a chance
To cultivate the mind.

They come in crowds and masses
The lectures to attend,
But all their hopes and fancies
Find alas! a bitter end.

For twelve rows had the faculty
With anxious care preserved,
So that each and every student
Might have a seat reserved.

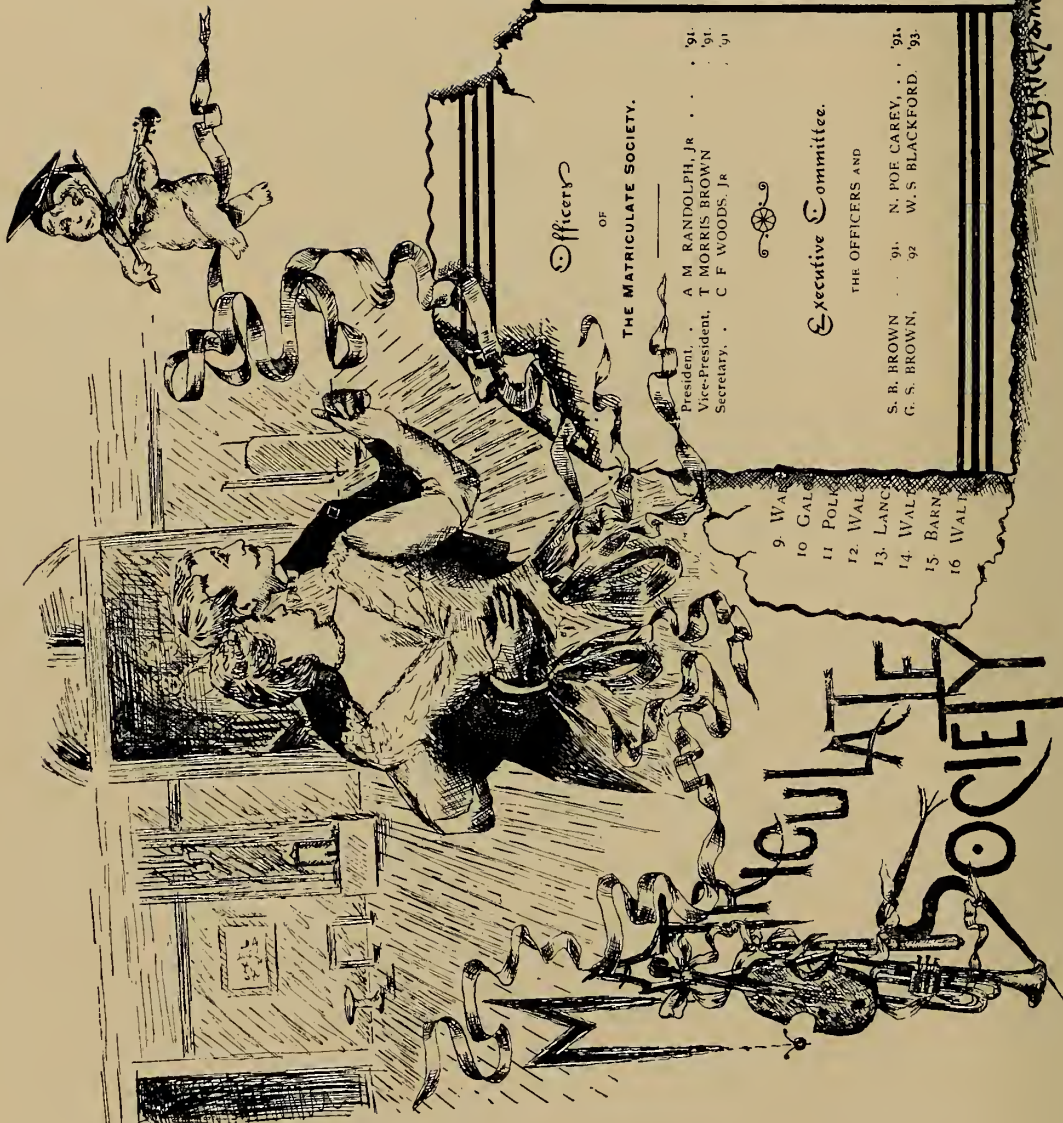
But when five minutes only
Before the lecture stand,
The barriers are broken
Which guard that "Promised Land."

Then comes a rush like that with which
Two foot-ball teams oft meet,
And every blessed woman
"Makes tracks" to get a seat.

They trample on the students,
They sit upon their hats,
They stick their elbows in their eyes,
And use their clothes for mats.

And when they all are seated,
They sit and blow and puff,
And say "I don't see why those men
Conduct themselves so rough."





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OF

THE MATRICULATE SOCIETY.

President, . . . A M RANDOLPH, JR. . . '91.
 Vice-President, . . . T MORRIS BROWN . . '91.
 Secretary, . . . C F WOODS, JR. . . '91.



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 G. S. BROWN, . . '92 W. S. BLACKFORD, '93.

- 9. WALKER
- 10. GALE
- 11. POLK
- 12. WALKER
- 13. LANG
- 14. WALKER
- 15. BARN
- 16. WALKER

W.C. BROWN

MATRICULATE SOCIETY.

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S. B. BROWN, '91,
T. R. BROWN, '92,
W. S. BLACKFORD, '93.

IT has been said by certain cynical persons, that they never knew a man of brains to be fond of dancing. What a flood of light would be let in on the benighted minds of these individuals if they were by chance lookers-on at one of the University "hops." Once beholding the undulating mass of heads, so undoubtedly stored with knowledge of all sorts, they would never be able to advance such a theory again.

The first dance of the season of '90-'91 was given in the Gymnasium on the evening of November 19, and was successful beyond expectation. There was, to be sure, the usual quota of swallow-tail coats lumped together in one corner, whose owners seemed to prefer each others conversation, to gliding smoothly along to the strains of the seductive waltz. The lack of printed programmes seemed to distress some of the girls; but determined not to be outdone, they made programmes for themselves. The room from which the refreshments were served evi-

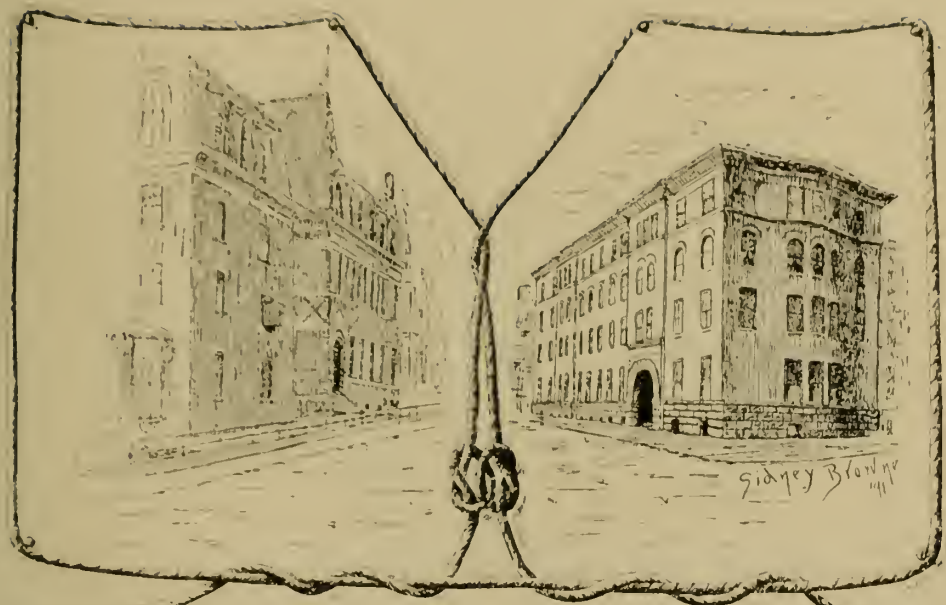
dently had a greater attraction for certain gentlemen than the charms of the fair sex. Strange creatures these !

The success of the Easter dance speaks for itself. As the weeks roll on, we look forward with pleasant anticipation to the graduating "hop." Only our joy is tempered with sadness at the thought that the affairs of the Society must be surrendered to the tender mercies of '92.

AN EPISODE.



Two fellows named D-bb-n and C-r-y,
Thought their whiskers sufficiently hairy ;
So they ordered some beer,
But it turned out, I hear,
To be nothing but milk from the dairy.



A TALE OF TWO.

" And always to each other true,
 Listen to my tale of joy!
 The Woman's College and J. H. U.,
 Will gayly paddle their little canoe,
 'Us two! Us two!
 Listen to my tale of joy!"—*Julienkh Leaflet.*

Undoubtedly, all this is true,
 Yet listen to my tale of woe!
 'Tis with *the now* we have to do,
 And present facts confront us too!
 They do!—They do!
 Listen to my tale of woe!
 It's very good to say "be true,"
 But listen to my tale of woe!
 The question is,—what shall we do?
 The blue and gold, and the black and blue
 We two!—We two!
 Listen to my tale of woe!

CHORUS.

It's clear and plain we can't go to
"The little college of ashen hue"
For they've shut down on J. H. U.
Boo-hoo!—Boo-hoo!
Listen to my tale of woe!

The worst of it is, we don't know who,
Listen to my tale of woe!
Brought down from above this mandate new,
This hard veto that we so rue!
We do!—We do!
The fact remains that it is true,
That cycles eight must erst accrue,
Instead of one as wont to do.

Pour nous!—Pour nous!

Listen to my tale of woe!
And this is why we feel so blue,
Listen to my tale of woe!
How long weeks were we never knew,
But now we see how slow they grew!
'Tis true!—'Tis true!
And so we sigh for something new,
Listen to my tale of woe!
That things unseen may come to view,
That fatal rules may find review,
Anew!—Anew!
Listen to my tale of woe!

CHORUS.

Hard trials for gold and blue!
Harder trials for J. H. U!
Hardest trials for ninty-two!
Adieu!—Adieu!
Listen to my tale of woe!



THE OFFICERS.

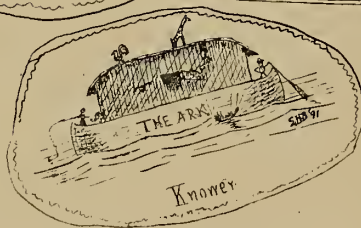
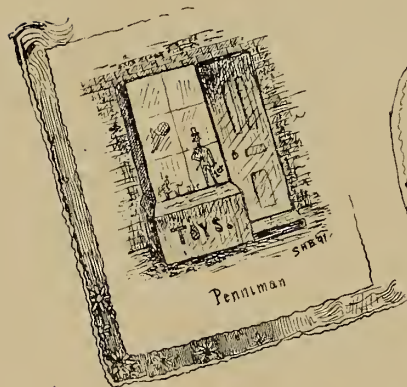
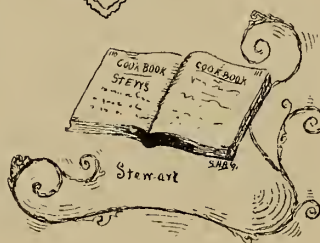
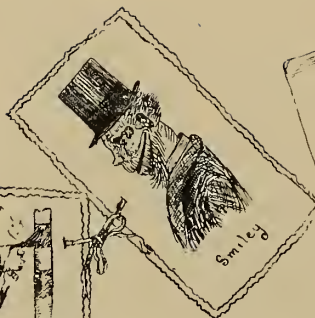
The Right Worthy Head Recluse . . .	'Skidney.	(Selah.)
The Very Reverend High Celebate . . .	St. Peter.	(Mizpah.)
The Very Grand Augustinian Anchorite . . .	Covey	(Kismet.)
The Great Franciscan Ascetic . . .	'Slobs	(Islam.)

THE MEMBERS.

The Maister of Wheelbarrow.	Brigham Young, Jr.
The Monk.	Crap.
	The Friar.
Tea Bee or not Tea Bee?	

HONORARY MEMBER.

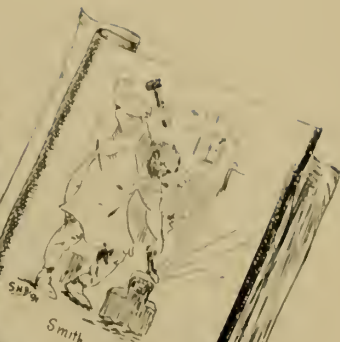
The Pope.



Picture Gallery



The BROWNIES of 91.



Smith.



AGELASTO.



Honi soit qui mal y pense.



BASE.



Dobbin.



Galeaway.



Cooke.



BAKER.

PICTURE

GALLERY

CLASS STATISTICS.

THE class of '91 has 59 members, of whom about 52 will graduate—others hope to.

Forty-six are from Maryland; two from District of Columbia, New Jersey and Virginia; one from Illinois, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Nebraska, Ohio, Wisconsin and Georgia—and one from Great Barrington.

Fourteen are in group VI, thirteen in III, eleven in I, seven in VII, five in II, four in IV, and five have little courses of their own.

Nine expect to be lawyers; eight, teachers; eight, doctors; five electrical engineers; four, ministers; four, civil engineers; two, journalists; one, banker; two, merchants; one, leader of "ballet"; one, professor of semitic philology; one, morphologist; one, student at J. H. U., and one, mathematician and writer of dictionaries of the various languages. Several are doubtful, but hope to loaf.

The average age is twenty-one—oldest twenty-seven—youngest eighteen. The average height is 5 ft. 8½ in.—tallest 6 ft. 5 in.—shortest 5 ft. 2 in. The average weight is 143—heaviest 185—lightest 95.

Some are students. All are athletes. Twenty-two are foot-ball players; fifteen, tennis; ten, lacrosse and one, professional.

The class boasts eighteen mustaches, eight attempts, one beard, one necklace and one poetic suit of hair.

The whole class rides ponies, pitches pennies, and visits the "Library" and "Annex." There are twenty-nine nicknames: Heit, Rit, Bird, Fool, Father, Cotton, Mitch, Covey, Fruitsy, Timorous, Wrath, Stumpy, Was, Mac, Hen, Tuti, Poet, Brownie, Agie, Has-Been, Phœbe, Circus, Monk, Landy, Tee-Bee, Peter. Bull, Bridget and Grandpop.

WHAT GREAT AUTHORS THINK OF US.

- '91. Our sports, our studies and our souls are one. *Byron.*
- AG-STO. The Greeks are strong and skillful to their strength.
Troilus and Cressida.
- Besides 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs do squeak. *Butler.*
- M XT R. Marry if you will sir, no remedy but you will.
Winter's Tale.
- D-TW-L-R. Unscissored shall this hair of mine remain. *Pericles.*
- KN-W-R. Naturally I bear a mirth about me. *Fletcher.*
- D-BB-N. I was born about three o'clock in the afternoon, with a
white head. *Henry IV.*
- B-K-R. A very paramour for a sweet voice.
Midsummer Night's Dream.
- M-GR-R. But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass.
Richard III.
- D-MB-TZ. Shave sir! *Meredith.*
- M-TCH-L.L. Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!
Henry VI.
- P-XX-N. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself:
Surely mortal man is a broomstick! *Swift.*
- H-LL-ND-R. A politician, one that could circumvent the devil.

- SM-L-Y. No vice degrades that purest soul serene. *Byron.*
- B-MST-D. So, if unprejudiced you scan
The going of this clock-work, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head ;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being what's o'clock. *Prior.*
- THE C-M-R-NS. We came into this world like brother and brother
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before the
other. *Comedy of Errors.*
- C-H-N. Or agitates his anxious breast in solving problem
mathematic. *Byron.*
- M-RR-Y. Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ fuit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide. *Dryden.*
- L-F-VR. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired. *Richard II.*
- S-M-NGT-N. Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts to
courtship. *Merchant of Venice.*
- ST-W-RT. He was in logic a great critic. *Butler.*
- S. B. BR-WN. Thy voice is heard through rolling drums. *Tennyson.*
- T. M. BR-WN. One of those few immortal names that were not born
to die. *Marco Bozzaris.*
A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave. *Hamlet.*
- SM-TH. Ye smithe must needs have a good knowledge of horses.
Nicholas of Guilford.
- G. C-R-Y. A bird of sinew, and yet a pretty warbler. *Bowles.*

- W-ST. Little body with a mighty heart. *Henry V.*
- W-DS. I bethought me what was past. *Pericles.*
Enim, we have been. *Motto of Earl of Aylesbury.*
- B-SR. Why brand they us with base? *King Lear.*
- BR-GGS. A minister but still a man. *Pope.*
- B-RT-N. Nay now you are too flat,
 And mar the concord with too harsh a descant.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
- H-NT. A sweet voice, a little indistinct and muffled.
George Sand.
- K-T-NG. Hen mihi ; quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.
Ovid.
- PL-S NTS. Si l'on ne veut déchoir, il faut ne plus rien faire.
Corneille.
- H-TM-LL-R. Now in the name of all the gods at once
 Upon what meat does this our Caesar feed
 That he is grown so great. *Julius Caesar.*
- C—RE. Oh most lame conclusion ! *Othello.*
- N. P. C-R-Y. Nowher so besy a man as he ther was,
 And yit he semede besier than he was.



CLASS UTTERANCES.

Reading Dante.—“Next week, gentlemen, we will have an examination, and then we will be in Purgatory for the rest of the year.”

Logic (argumentum ad hominem) Prof. E.—“Let us take a more evident proposition.” Mr. Pl—ts.—“Some men are foolish.”

Student.—“Is this galvanometer needle astigmatic, Dr. K.?”

Prof.—“In what condition of life was Kotzka born?” Mr. St—t.—“He was born an infant, Sir.”

Prof.—“The wind blows on one side of a car with a pressure of twenty pounds per square foot.”

Student.—“What is the pressure on the other side, Mr. H.?”

Prof.—“This wind only blows in one direction.”

Dr. G.—“Mr. K—, do you think the use of the word ‘Idea’ in the phrase ‘Association of Ideas’ a good or bad one?”

Mr. K—r (waking up).—“Yes, Sir.”

Mr. Br—gs.—“How do we ascertain the form of the minor premise?”

Dr. E.—“From a perusal of page 168 of our text book, Mr. B.”

Mr. Br—n.—“Dr. C—g, you have a mark opposite my name for Tuesday, when I was present.”

Dr. C.—“I keep an account of your *presences*, Mr. B.”

Student.—“Where did you find that rule, Dr. E—.” “In our text book, Mr. Br—gs.”

Student.—“Is Major French in here?”

Newly appointed Janitor.—“Don’t know him, Sir.”

Dr. A.—“Now all such legends we call old wives tales. But where did the old wives get them from?”

Student.—“From their husbands.”

Dr. Gr-n.—“I consider all artificial systems of mnemonics to be worse than useless, for by using such props our mind becomes dependent on them. And moreover it will generally be found that those things which require such artificial aid to be remembered are not worth knowing.”

Student.—“Doctor, those verses about Barbara, faksoko, etc., are exceptions then?”

(The Doctor smiled and changed the subject.)

Prof. R-n.—“Mr. —, what is all the cream of tartar that is used in baking powders made from?”

Student.—“From Tartar.”

Prof. R-n.—“Well, and how is tartar obtained?”

Student.—“Why—from teeth.”

Prof. R-n —“No, it doesn't come from teeth, and it isn't made in Tartary.”

Student (translating). — “Und die Gesellschaft alle wurde eingeladen,”—“And the guests all came loaded.”

Prof.—“Mr. M-g-r, do you think that children have more imaginative power than grown people?”

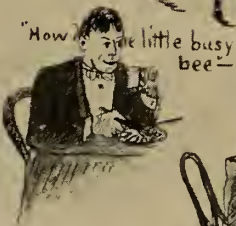
M-gr-r (after profound thought).—“Why, Sir, that depends on the children.”

Dr. E-t.—“Mr. —, If you found that a certain kind of food always made you sick, by what law would you be justified in drawing a conclusion?”

Student.—“The law of disagreement.”



BA



THE CLASS BANQUET.

THE "St-st-stammering Com-committee" having fixed upon Hotel Altamont as the scene of the momentous event, at about a quarter to nine o'clock, December 22d, 1890, the various members of this great and glorious class might have been seen wending their way up Eutaw Place.

Thro' affinity—perhaps chemical—and by energy—surely physical—we were all assembled, at the given hour, thirty-three goats and eleven cows (for what other creature could or would go dry on such a night?). A few moments were spent in chatting and talking in the corridors and sitting-rooms, while the committee went about counting the fellows to make sure that all had come, Hunting Search, and Searching for Hunt. Finally all was ready, and a little after nine, two by two we went down into the banquet hall, where before taking our seats, we "lined up" (Foot-ball is second nature with '91) and gave the old class yell,—with all the vigor and enthusiasm of fellows who are expecting to get outside of eight courses of Maryland's most delicious products. The table, arranged in the form of a double T, was tastefully decorated with flowers. The centre-piece consisted of a Foot-ball of chocolate, bearing the legend '91, J. H. U. From it radiated wreaths of smilax strewn with roses and violets. At each plate were boutonnières of immortelles, red and black, the class colors. The menus were of tinted card board, printed in red and black, tied with a black and blue cordon. In the upper right hand corner, red and black ribbons were fastened in a beau-knot. A miniature leather colored Foot-ball was embossed on the outside cover. Upon it the figures '91 were printed in red and black.

Soup was served with small Foot-ball shaped crackers with '92 and '93 upon them, floating therein, illustrative, as the committee interpreted, of how we had put them "in the soup."

Addresses were made by Hollander, Knowler, Stewart, Dobbin and Carey, all of whom President Painter introduced with well-chosen words—although as he murmured, they needed no introduction. Mr. Hollander, with the fire and eloquence characteristic of him, answered to the toast of Foot-ball. He modestly (necessarily briefly) rehearsed '91 victories, gloried in the fact that defeat had never been suffered, and then concluded by reading an original ballad indicative of much talent and ability. It can be found in another place in this book. Close upon his heels came the Bull with a roar—from his classmates. He delivered a most lucid (?) treatise on logic, arguing both inductively and deductively, in a manner surprising to all—especially himself. He admitted that he had been most heartlessly treated a few days before, in fact that Barbara had "done him" completely (*vide* Mr. Ball's record). He stated that on the Monday afternoon previous, he had entered a mansion on Monument street, had found Barbara, his cherished Barbara, in the most difficult of moods, had tackled her manfully, but the struggle had been too much for him, and in consequence he had not won (one). Ever since he had been in a very gloomy state of mind,—the nineteen valid moods combined in mnemonic verses were distasteful to him. He had used keys—of all kinds, even Greek and Latin,—but as yet even the logical ones, Faksoko and Doksamosk had not succeeded in unlocking for him the mysteries of Baroko and Bokordo. Having thoroughly "distributed" himself, he sat down. In '91 "Cotton," the fate of the girls of of the class, was wooed. Mr. Carey then rose and afforded more sport than any other "Covey," I have ever seen get up.

After the regular toasts were over, many impromptu speeches (?)

were made (such is generally the ease about this stage of class banquets). The "Hen" cackled loudly, the "Bird" soared to heights extreme, and suddenly—ay 'twas slowly done, with all the dignity due to him, the True, Beautiful and Good in one, Mr. De——tz arose. His eye was all aflame, and as he stroked his straggling, tired beard, his bosom with emotion heaved. He cast a gaze about him, gave one glance, raised majestically his hand to quiet the deafening applause, and sought—to speak. If he had, he should have uttered words of wisdom, for De——tz is a wise man. But we were all so enthusiastic at the mere *appearance* of Mr. De——tz, that any *words* from him would have completely "carried us away." So wishing to remain for some time longer, we tenderly led him to his seat, lamenting at having been unable to make himself heard.

After De——tz, "Few Wine Billy" was propped up and "pronounced" a long and elaborate dissertation on the distinctions to be observed in the use of "Those," "Those are," and "I am." At a later stage in the evening, one of the porters found a "Jewel" on the sofa in one of the sitting-rooms where we had been, and brought it down and presented it to the class.

We had a number of flash-light photos. taken, and then sat around drinking—coffee, smoking, talking and singing until Fair Aurora had chased Dark Night away ("Dull Cares" had skipped long ago). Even then it was with deep regret that we returned home to dream of——.

This Banquet has done much to weld the class together, and may we every year in the future, when fulfilling the duties of those spheres of life which destiny may allot to us, meet together and talk over good old times, when champions in athletics, and unsurpassed in scholarship we had a right to the title of the Representative Class of our dear old Alma Mater, the Johns Hopkins University !

A RETROSPECT.

FROM the sublimely dignified height of Logic, Ethics and Psychology, we look back with a superior smile upon the childish frivolities of those long gone days, when, gathered together in dear old unventilated College Hall, or pausing for breath, after the tedious pull up three flights of stairs, to Room nine, sanctum of the Lake Dwellers, Baal Worshippers and other uncouth beings, each hapless freshie gazed upon the features of his neighbor, and said to himself, particularly if he happened to be seated beside Dembitz or "Cotton," "what manner of man is this?" Then in our innocent merriment, the now all important statement that "no blacks are whites" weighed not upon our sleeping and waking thoughts. In those balmy days, we should have cared not a straw had "*all* mammalia been parasites." During that period doubtless "some apples are red," but this remarkable fact in no wise impressed us, though perhaps the wits among the seniors took delight in contrasting this redness with our own, to them, palpable hue of green. How charmingly were those long hours, ostensibly devoted to Physical Geography, History and English, either whiled away or "cut" away. Numerous ingenious devices were resorted to, varying to suit differences in taste and inclination. Some beguiled the weary minutes in the practice of pleasing games, hazardous perhaps, in more senses than one. Others betook themselves to restful slumbers, sweetly oblivious of the Prof.'s stentorian voice urging them up the steep hill of knowledge in tones of "Palæolithic" harshness, Baalitish oiliness, or Spencerian sweetness, as the case might be. Yet others, "Covey," "Cotton," "Bull," "Phoebe" and many another of their ilke, either employed

their time in solemn meditation upon the origin and evolution of freaks in general and themselves in particular ; or else, enveloped in the ample folds of a cloth taken from the ill-fated Glee club's piano, disported themselves among the protecting legs of their companions, giving vent at intervals to loud squeaking noises, which would have put to shame a full grown rabbit. While these pleasurable pastimes were being enjoyed in the lower end of the room, an acute ear might have detected occasional subdued thwacking sounds, arising from a secluded nook in the far corner, and suggestive of the shuffling and dealing of an exceedingly well thumbed pack of cards. Such indeed was the fact. In this sheltered spot, there met twice weekly a social club, formed of four choice spirits, "Landy," "Timorons," "The Hen" and "Always Riding," nor did they seem the least aware that the surrounding walls were drinking in soul-inspiring anecdotes of portly Boeda, jolly old Chaucer, prosy Wicliffe and other historic gentlemen. And now from the center of the room, a dark blue circular substance, strange of manufacture, ear-flapped and of a hairy texture, goes hurtling through the air under the very nose of the horrified Prof. and disappears through the open window, amidst a multitude of cheers above which arises a loud groan of deepest anguish. What is this weird object? 'Tis the outlandish head-gear of our hirsute Louisvillian, fallen prey to mischievous "Mitch," who probably imagines he is dallying with the pigskin (and no wonder), and accordingly kicks a goal through the window with unerring accuracy. How, you ask, is it possible for a learned senior to remember such trifling incidents? I reply ; previous to my profound researches in *Psychological* phenomena, such a thing would have been impossible. Now nothing is impossible. The following method of reasoning will help to clear the matter up. In the first place mine eyes are daily refreshed by the sight of the expressive visage of our distinguished representative

from Ky. To argue logically ; Dembitz is an all-wool substance ; but Dembitz is continually before my eyes ; now association comes into play. The Cap was also an all-wool substance, associating the two, the Cap is ever present. Q. E. D.

Again I seem to see a hat most embarrassingly situated, mortally impaled upon one of the jets of a chandelier. This time it is a regulation one of largest imaginable size, and, I need hardly add, the ill-used property of Brown. Not Mat Brown, or Morris Brown, or Sid Browne, or any other specified Brown, but just plain Brown, "L'homme qui rit." How did the unfortunate hat attain so exalted a position ? you wonderingly ask. I will tell you. It was hurled there in a moment of frenzy by the brutal "Bridget," to whose unsympathetic ear, the aforesaid Brown had but just imparted one of his metallic chuckles. Did Dr. Adams approve of this method of ornamenting the Chandelier ? No, Dr. Adams has no eye for modern art, to him the architecture of Babylon is infinitely more pleasing. Was the hat removed ? It was, immediately. Were Brown and Briggs removed ? Very nearly. Speaking of Briggs, brings to my mind the apparition of a portion of the colossal vertebrate of some long extinct marine genus known only to the donor (Briggs himself) upon which had been affectionately inscribed in the familiar scrawl of our Tutti-frutti the words, "this is a section of Bridget's backbone."

Well do we remember the long expected day on which Lieutenant Greely of the Washington Signal Service harangued us. That morning, before the lecture, no little excitement prevailed throughout the entire class. A perfect buzz of whispered comment and conjecture as to the past life and present personal appearance of the distinguished lecturer, filled the room.

The ideal of some was fat and ruddy. Others pictured to themselves

a being of martial and sanguinary mien. All agreed in believing him to be a creature of enormous size, strength and unwonted appetite. The aesthetic Keating nearly met his death from the violent fit of shuddering which seized upon his delicately strung nerves at the horrid thought, that this learned gentleman had perhaps consumed numerous delectable portions of a fellow-man !

However, when Mr. Greely entered the room, with several of the faculty and Trustees hovering around him, a sigh of disappointment ran round the class. Before them stood a tall, spare, bewhiskered and eminently dyspeptic government official, who immediately commenced to pour forth a volume of facts and technical phrases, sufficient to fill a three volume encyclopedia, and with a velocity only equalled by the wind which he described. To follow him was absolutely impossible. All slept, save Galloway, who could take notes from a phonograph.

All must remember our enjoyable visit to Galapagos Islands under the skillful guidance of Dr. Brooks, and the juicy turtles, lizards and other rare game presented for our mental consumption. Nor should any one's recollection of Dr. Bloomfield's talk on "Race Characteristics," need refreshing. The painfully conscious grin which relaxed the features of certain members at the mention of the "Dolicocephalous" or "Booshy-headed Peoples," and the "Brachiocephalous" or "Fleecy-headed Peoples" is indelibly stamped upon the memory of all who saw it.

Many another pleasing incident of our brotherhood in P. H. E. might be recorded, but modesty compels us to pause with the final assertion that, as in those our earlier days, we evinced most unmistakable signs of being "the people," so have we since maintained the standard, then raised, of excellence in study, superiority in athletics, goodfellowship and class feeling, with a firmness which no class either before or since our advent has achieved.



The Junior Year.

L. E. P.

L. E. P.—Strange and apparently meaningless characters. Whence come they? We know not, we can only surmise. Whither do they go? We can guess, but don't like to say. It is very probable that Mr. Thomas Ball originated them in the early days of the University, long before Mr. Green was utterly cast out of the office, and established at the other end of the hall. In those days, so tradition runs, Mr. Ball had time to invent strange arrangements of letters; in those days no reports were sent home at the end of each term, unlimited cuts were allowed, and there were many other joys incident to the Golden Age. But, alas! those times have long since passed away, and the hard age of brass has arrived with the entrance of '92 into the stately halls of the University. It seems to me, that L. E. P., expelled from association with all respectable studies, has fled for shelter to the gloomy abode of Mathematics and Physics. There, in a brick-walled room, the unintelligible theories and practices of Logic, the sleep bringer, are set forth, I was going to say by a sprite, but really the term seems to be scarcely appropriate. The other two members of the triad, Ethics and Psychology, have only one servant, who performs their joint ceremonies. Logic, the first of these three destroyers, is known under two names, Deductive and Inductive. Now the reason for bestowing these names, and their mysterious meaning, is unknown to all but their priests. The deity named De luctive has many strange ceremonies. One of his priests, Euler by name, has worshiped him by means of certain circles, of which the purpose is not known, but which seemed filled with a tremendous greed, devouring each other with great gusto. This worship

is doubtless rendered to Logic in its character of destroyer, but it is also worshiped in other aspects, as in the mighty square of opposition, which, with the worship of the circle above mentioned, shows its close relation to Mathematics. But this peculiar science has also a classic side, for do we not all remember, or rather should we not all remember, that beautiful verse beginning: "Barbara, Celarent, Darii," etc., which I think was primarily invented to perplex and disturb the student who thinks he knows Latin, but really doesn't. Frantically he tries to decipher it; all in vain; finally he decides to read the remainder of the page, when he discovers that it is only another of the great problems of Logic, a sort of puzzle, which affords great pleasure to the devotees of the science, as they can transfer sentences back and forth in a way positively wonderful to the uninitiated. There are many other strange forms of worship, which I have neither space, time, inclination nor knowledge to describe. The lack of the last in fact is sorely felt by the whole class at the dread hour of examination. Sadly do they toil for hours before, and finally, on the very eve of the ordeal, meet, and such of them as feel that they have at least a smattering of knowledge, inform the others that they have "gotten it down cold." A far different condition from that in which the whole mind is an aching void, or rather a seething mass, of unassorted facts, without coherence and without connection. Now, parts of the verse, "Barbara," etc., come to the surface; now, the system of the figures of Logic; or now, perhaps, a "Canon," which seems rather a ponderous thing to be boiling around so. The whole mixture resembles the witch-broth in "Macbeth," and may truly seem to have been commanded

"For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble."

I can picture to myself a cauldron fashioned from a student's cranium,

in which such a mixture is boiling over a fire, which burns with a blue light, and vague forms, among which I recognize Euler, Jevons, Mill, Bain and some others dancing with that stately and dignified step which seems to be peculiarly the Logician's right. But, even as I gaze, the scene changes,

And then before my wondering eyes,
Behold the class in Logic rise,
While sniffls, laughs and puns begin,
And fill the room with horrid din.
The Doctor also cometh there,
With pleasant smile and well-trained hair.
He knows each Logic rule by heart,
The foolish class disdains the art,
But yet he labors to instill,
As though with hammer and with drill,
The maxims and barbaric rhyme
Handed down from ancient time.
The syllogism unto all,
He shows by circles great and small.
The Logic square he likewise tries
To represent before our eyes,
But lost to all his learning deep,
The class, alas! has gone to sleep.

But Logic is not the only science. Shall we not also mention Psychology, the thing with the long name, which the Freshmen and other ignorant persons delight to pronounce "Fishology," and regard as one of the Biological sciences, unable to imagine why a classical or historical man should be made to study it. Psychology is very much more interesting than Logic, because there are many amusing little anecdotes connected with it, such as the one about the man who put his umbrella to bed, and went and stood behind the door all night. Now this story was intended to illustrate absent-mindedness, but seems to me a much better illustration of inebriation.

You may perceive through the following examples that the study of

Psychology leads to individual investigation and research. After the class had studied instinct it was noticed by more than one of its members that, when a dog was kicked in the ribs, he howled. Of Ethics we have as yet learned little, in fact I may say nothing, as that interesting subject will not be reached until after the Hopkinsian has gone to press. Ethics is, I am informed, the science of Morals, and therefore I am led to the sad conclusion, that, as the class is entirely without Ethics, at the present time, they must be entirely devoid of morals. O, sad thought that this band of promising young men should be absolutely ignorant of the first principles of morals! I am given to understand also, that when Ethics is reached in the L. E. P. course, whole days are spent in discussing deep questions of morals, such as whether a boy who steals an apple from an orchard is more wicked than the boy who pulls the feathers out of a rooster's tail. Then that grave question may arise whether there really is a principle of morals, which permits a student, who cuts class and goes to the theatre, to tell the Professor that "he was obliged to be absent on account of sickness." It grieves us deeply to think, that all these important matters, over which our consciences have been worrying throughout our entire college career should be settled only in the last term, when it will be too late to test their practical application.





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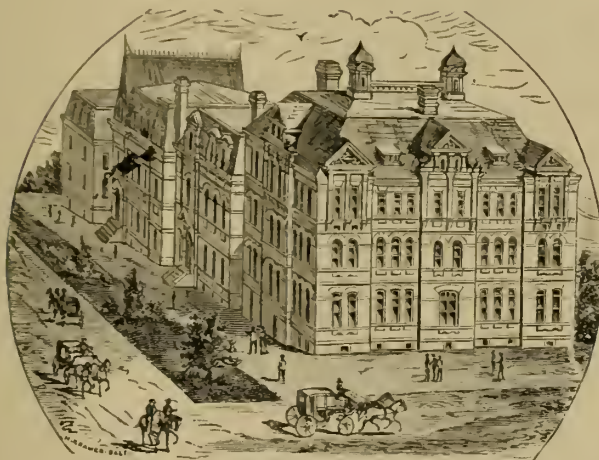
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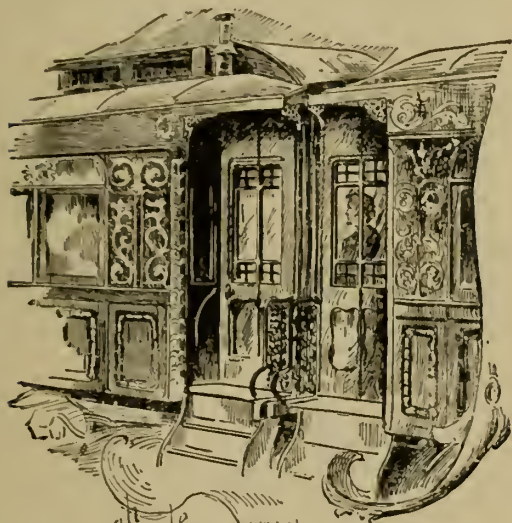
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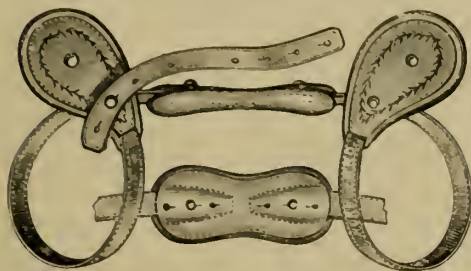
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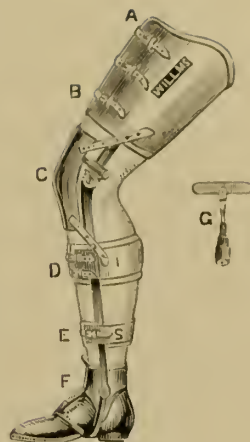
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